

CHANGELETS UP AGAIN THIS WEEK.

PEARSON'S

— £1,000 —
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

**700 Winners
have Divided
£1,285
in Changelets.**

No. 962.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 24, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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This Special Offer is made to the readers of Pearson's Weekly, 24.12.08. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward direct in our Looms to your address one of our



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4/9

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HOW AND WHAT TO DANCE.

By W. LAMB,
Member of the Imperial Society of Dance Teachers.

Cloth, Price 1/-; Post Free, 1/2.

CONTENTS: The art of dancing—How to arrange a dance—Toulet Fancy costume—Etiquette of dancing—Corso deportment, etc.—The Pilsa—Berlin, Alsatian, Heel and Toe, The Slide, Coquette, The Two Step, The Tre-Chic—Schottische—The American Schottische—The Waltz, with advice to all—The Barn Dance—The Galop—The Novelty, The Reel, The Hula, The Schottische, The Varsoviana, The Washington Post, The Waltz Two Step—The Cake Walk Dance—The Madrid—The St. George's—The Velets—The Mignon—The Valse Minuet—The Grass.



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are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

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TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—A capital handbook for the novice and also for the more advanced student is "How to Take and Make Photographs," by Clive Holland. It gives you all the information you require regarding the Dark Room, Cameras, Plates and Films, Exposure, Development of Negatives, Printing, Mounting, &c., &c. It may be had, post free, for 12 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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PIJAMAS.—Special offer, 3/6 each. Worth writing for.—Irish Linch Warehouse, 54 Gordon St., Glasgow.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weakness, Lack of Vigour, Varicocoele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. B. Norton, 59 & 60 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

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TAKE
KEATING'S LOZENGES

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YOU WON'T COUGH.

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When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of waiting for Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be quickly and thoroughly cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Shillings. Mention this paper.

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CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

is always a welcome resource to those responsible for the comfort and health of the family. It contains the ingredients required in the food taken by Growing Childhood, the Strenuous-Living, Old Age, and the Invalid. It is a superb stimulant as well as a permanent strengthener. 300 Gold Medals, &c., have been awarded to the Firm.

N.B.—Insist on having Fry's and reject substitutes, which are often pushed for the sake of extra profit.

CHANGELETS.

£1,285 HAS NOW BEEN AWARDED AMONGST 700 COMPETITORS.

£210 this Week.

1st PRIZE, £50. 2nd PRIZE, £25. 3rd PRIZE, £10. £125 IN OTHER PRIZES.

RESULT OF No. 7.

LIKE its predecessors, the Seventh Changelets Competition brought forward many bright and interesting efforts on the part of competitors, and it was only after they had given them even more than the usual careful consideration that the adjudicators were able to arrive at a decision.

Three attempts in particular attracted their attention, and as all expressed practically the same idea with equal merit, it was decided to divide the first, second, and third prizes amongst the senders of these attempts, so that each receives £28 6s. 8d.

We would again remind you of the hints we have formerly given, and we are glad to know that many of you have found them to be profitable.

Make your attempts read as brightly and as clearly as possible. This is a very important point. For example, in the competition just concluded some competitors failed to work in the words "than never" properly, with the result that their Changelets, though otherwise excellent, were obscure in meaning, and, to our regret, had to be rejected.

It is by attention to little points such as these that the persevering competitor secures success.

The original paragraph was:

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL.

As already indicated, the first, second, and third prizes, amounting in all to £85, are divided amongst the senders of the three attempts considered the best by the adjudicators, so that each receives £28 6s. 8d. The names and addresses of the three winners, together with their attempts, are as follows:

Miss L. Kershaw, 210 Longsight, near Oldham.

'TIS BETTER TO halt between two opinions THAN NEVER TO HAVE ONE AT ALL.

J. F. W. Dimmond, 7 Thornbury Park Avenue, Plymouth.

Far BETTER TO HAVE a changing mind THAN NEVER TO HAVE ONE AT ALL.

Miss Mary R. Hay, 17 Ibrox Terr., Glasgow.

'TIS BETTER TO form even wrong opinions THAN NEVER TO HAVE opinions AT ALL.

Here are some other good Changelets sent in:

'Tis better to assume a German name than never to have employment at all.

'Tis better to have contributed a button than never to locatable at all.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than have to slave to keep him.

'Tis better to have struggled and fought than never to have experienced spring sales.

'Tis better to wear chignon and frills than never to wear anything at all.

'Tis cruel to have loved and lost and never to have diamond ring returned.

For List of Winners of Consolation Prizes see Page 111 of the Red Cover.

ALL ABOUT CHANGELETS.

In this contest, Changelets, you are provided with a paragraph from which you must remove five of the words and substitute five others in the same places, and thus give the sentence a different meaning.

Here is an example which will make the matter perfectly clear to you. You might be given a sentence such as this:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

By the removal of five words, and the substitution of five new ones, we get the following sentence. The new words are underlined:

Be kind, sweet girls, and let the men be voters.

Below you will find a coupon containing a paragraph which must be treated in this manner. The paragraph is:

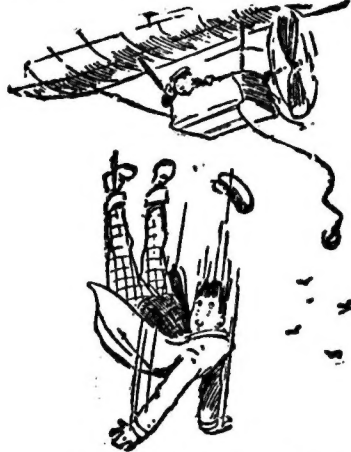
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, the darling of our crew.

Any alteration in a word whatever will be regarded as a

JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE.



Paragraph: Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, the darling of our crew.



With five words altered can become

Changelet: Here, a sheer flight took poor Tom earthwards, the ballast of our aeroplane.

change. For example: hulk changed into hulks becomes a new word.

Lightly cross out on the form below FIVE WORDS—NO MORE, NO FEWER—and write in ink carefully and clearly above each crossed-out word the word you wish to substitute. Then fill in your name and address in the space provided.

RULES WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
2. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and crossed "& Co.," and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.
3. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "CHANGELETS No. 10" in the top left-hand corner.
4. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, December 24th.

Five Words Only to be Altered this Week

CHANGELETS, No. 10.					Postal Order No.
Here	a	sheer	hulk	leg	
poor	Tom	Bowling,	the	darling	
of	our	crew.	—	—	
I undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.					
Signed					
Address					

The adjudication of all attempts will be carried out with the greatest possible care and consideration. £250 will be awarded this week to the sender of the Changelet which is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. £25 will be awarded to the sender of the paragraph which is considered to be the second best, and £10 to the sender of the third best. The remaining £125 will be divided in Consolation Prizes amongst those whose attempts come next in merit.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

PEARSON'S
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE TO AMUSE. **WEEKLY.**

OUR LITTLE SHAFTS.

By ROBIN HOOD.

PRIVATE theatricals are no longer popular among the aristocracy. Too suggestive of "shop."

Don't let the turkey be the only one with a "merry thought" in your house on Christmas Day.

GENERAL SIMON, having the largest armed force, proposes to elect himself President of Haiti. No "Simple Simon" this.

THE coup d'état in Haiti, we are told, was successfully carried through by General Canal. He had everything ship-canal-shape.

WHAT Mrs. Carrie Nation, the famous saloon-smasher, who is now in England, said when Mr. Nation proposed to her: "Ax mamma."

FOR the loss of a thumb a man has been awarded 15s. a week compensation. Although he has lost his thumb, he has lots of use for his thumbscrew.

SPECIALLY constructed billiard-tables are being installed in up-to-date liners. Anchor cannons will, of course, be a favourite stroke at ship-billiards.

AMONG golf requisites we see advertised the "red dash ball." It is to be followed by "the purple blank ball," especially designed for the use of short-tempered players.

IN future, political speakers will begin their orations with, "Ladies, gentlemen, and Suffragettes."—"Suffragette" is now used to denote the violent type of Suffragist.—Ed., P.W.]

MR. H. HERMAN CHILTON, the author of *Grit*, recently produced by Miss Lena Ashwell, is a member, by the way, of a firm of locksmiths. Naturally, he knew the key to dramatic success.

"MONEY spent in advertising," says Prebendary Wilson Carlile, "always comes back again in the collection." Skillful advertisement makes people unbutton. But sometimes the only result is—buttons.

"Does anyone doubt for a moment that, in case we should find ourselves at war with a strong Continental Power, airships would not be used for bombarding English towns from the Continent?" asks Sir Hiram Maxim. The answer, as they say in Parliament, is in the affirmative.

SIR HIRAM's prediction reminds us of the story, or, rather, the fact, that at the time of the first Boer war our Government sent orders to our ships at Durban to bombard Pretoria—only about 600 miles away.

HOW WIRELESS TELEPHONES WORK.

WIRELESS telephony is in the air—literally as well as figuratively.

The other day, from the top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, French scientists were speaking with their colleagues a hundred miles away, the intervening space being bridged with nothing more solid than the mysterious, all-pervading ether.

At this very moment attempts are being made to place the Admiralty Offices in St. James's Park in wireless telephonic communication with the Royal Fleet, so that, when, if expectation, the "Hornet" will be able to "call up" her easy chairs or battle-ships afloat upon the briny. How Nelson would have stared—and grumbled!

This is being accomplished with the de Forest system, which we favour. In Denmark, where they are working upon the rival Poulsen system, communication has been easily and successfully established and maintained between Copenhagen and Berlin, a distance of nearly 300 miles; while in this country, with the same apparatus, a song sung in Bristol has been listened to in London. And all this has been done within the last two years, for the first effective experiments in wireless telephony took place in Berlin no longer ago than December, 1906.

The secret of both systems is contained in an instrument no bigger than an ordinary photographic camera, within which is a glass cylinder incased in copper wire. From this there emanates a succession of continuous electrical oscillations, which keep their force constant, like a stream of water, each driven on by the power behind it.

In other words, wireless telephony is an electrical river flowing through space, and bearing sounds with it as chips are borne by a river of water.

The Editor's Notebook.

Baden-Powell and the Girls.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL confesses that he is rather afraid of girls' colleges. He told me once that he was riding past a girls' college at High Wycombe, at the head of some troops, when two or three small girls, who were seated on a wall, yelled out to 400 other girls who were playing in the school-grounds, "Hi! girls, heres 'B.-P.'!"

Immediately the 400 girls, all in knickerbockers, scaled the wall and swarmed round him and the company like a pack of hounds, and escorted them to camp. "B.-P." at least thought that he would be free of his admirers when they reached the sentries, but, no, they rushed the sentry posts, and actually escorted him to his tent. Worse and worse, they positively refused to leave him alone or give the camp any peace until he came back to the school with them, and got them a holiday.

One little dot held his hand most of the time, and comforted him with the remark, "Don't be afraid, they are not going to hurt you," and as proof that they didn't, quite a crowd of these girls and Baden-Powell exchange cards every Christmas.

A Referee's Reminiscence.

MR. BARON KILNER, who can generally be relied upon to make a breezy speech at a football dinner, amused the Yorkshire and Northumberland teams at Otley, the other day, by narrating a good story, in which he and the late Rev. Frank Marshall were concerned. The two had been appointed to officiate, Mr. Kilner as referee, and his rev. colleague as touch-judge, in one of the "scrapping matches" in the Huddersfield district.

The play was very rough, and Mr. Kilner allowed it to go on without interfering. Mr. Marshall, after vainly drawing the referee's attention to certain incidents, could at last contain himself no longer.

He rushed into the field, and exclaimed:

"Didn't you see that?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Then, why didn't you send them off?"

"Send them off," replied Mr. Kilner. "Aren't they going fast enough? See, there's four been carried off already. Let them go at it; and then there'll be only three and me left to finish the game. Order them off? Not I."

And he didn't.

A Sensation that Failed.

THE editor of a New York paper called a bright reporter one day and said to him:

"I want you to write me a good story about the trials and discouragement of men who are looking for work in a big city. Get up early to-morrow, put on old clothes, and visit all the places that advertise for male help in the morning paper. Give an account of the number of applicants and the kind of men they are, and describe vividly the feelings of those who perhaps have had no breakfast and have walked miles because they have no money to ride, and then meet disappointment. Draw it good and strong on the pathos. People like to read that sort of thing." At noon the next day the reporter appeared at the office crestfallen. "I'm afraid I can't make anything out of that story," he said to the editor.

"What's the trouble?"

"I've got three jobs already, and a promise of two more."

A New Terror for M.P.s.

A GOOD story is being told of a Cabinet Minister being rung up on the telephone by a truculent Suffragette, who threatened him with all sorts of pains and penalties unless he consented at once to receive a deputation on the female suffrage question.

The contention waxed very warm indeed, and the lady continued to bombard the Minister over the wires for some time, he gravely, but firmly, declining to have anything whatever to do with her.

The same evening in the family circle the Cabinet Minister related his experience, much to the amusement of his daughters, who giggled immoderately. It eventually turned out that they had been "hoaxing pal." Pa didn't quite see the joke, but his mind was immensely relieved.

A Bernard Shaw Joke.

AFTER addressing an Edinburgh meeting for ninety minutes, Mr. Bernard Shaw remarked that the time was a quarter to ten, and he had intended to finish at nine o'clock. He did not seem in the least fatigued; the audience were also quite fresh, and when the speaker was about to sit down loud cries of "Go on" were raised on all sides.

"Do you really wish me to go on?" Mr. Shaw

asked. He was answered by renewed cheering, and more shouts of, "Go on."

Great was the disappointment, therefore, when he replied, "that is the exact point at which an experienced speaker sits down," which he accordingly did.

It Seemed Longer.

BERNARD SHAW, who is not overfond of music, happened to be beguiled to a musicale given by a prominent London society woman, who, during the evening, found the author sitting disconsolate and bored in a corner of the room.

"Now, really, Mr. Shaw," said the hostess, "don't you think this orchestra plays beautifully? These men have been playing together for eleven years."

"Eleven years?" repeated Shaw. "Haven't we been here longer than that?"

The Parrot and Lord John Russell.

THE following parrot story is from the SPECTATOR. It was told the correspondent by the late Canon Courtney, of Bovey Tracey, as having occurred in his presence when he was once staying at a country house where there was a large party of notables:

One evening, as the gentlemen of the party were filing into the dining-room for family prayers (not then out of fashion), the parrot, whose cage was near the door, eyed each entrant as if endeavouring to recognise them.

As the most diminutive of the gentlemen passed in, the parrot, evidently puzzled, said most distinctly:

"And who the devil are you?"

It was Lord John Russell.

What Auntie Would Do.

ONCE at a dinner, at which Dr. Emil Reich was present, the conversation turned on marriage.

"That was a wise saying of the old Greek philosopher," said someone. "Whether you marry her or not, you will regret it."

"Yes," answered Dr. Reich, "it reminds me of a certain old maid who once said something almost as good as that. 'Auntie,' said her little niece to her, 'what would you do if you had your life to live over again?' To which the lonely spinster replied, 'Get married, my child, before I had sense enough to decide to be an old maid.'"

Story of Bishop Lang.

NUMEROUS stories are current about the Archbishop-designate of York. One concerns the period when he was vicar of Portsea, and occasionally ministered at the county gaol.

"Who," asked a prisoner, "is that parson chap wot looks like Napoleon, and smiles when he talks at yer?"

"That's the chaplain," was the answer.

"Well, I tell ee wot," said the prisoner, "if every chaplain in every prison was like 'im, I'd smash windows in every town in England to get at 'im, and shake 'is 'and."

A New Whistler Story.

THERE is a new Whistler story told by Mr. Walter Sickert in the current FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, and, curiously enough, he prints it as an illustration of "things so silly and so pointless that the first function of friendship is to forget them."

The story is that Mr. Sickert and Whistler were once printing etchings together, when the former dropped a copper plate.

"How like you!" said Whistler.

Five minutes afterwards the improbable happened. Whistler, who was never clumsy, dropped one himself. There was a pause.

"How unlike me!" was his remark. Mr. Sickert needs no defence. The story is too good to be lost.

Not Quite the Same Thing

LADY ROBERTS, wife of the Field-Marshal, was once visiting the hospitals at the base of operations in India. She was so pleased with the nurses' work and their devotion to the sick that she exclaimed: "Really, I think the sisters deserve a medal for this campaign as much as anyone, and I hope they will get one."

"I don't know about a medal," said a gallant colonel who was in attendance, "but they are sure, at all events, to get plenty of claps."

The Beautiful Marines.

THE KING OF SPAIN does not seem to make the headway he would wish in the speaking of English. An amusing story has been going the rounds lately of a visit which his Majesty paid to Prince Louis of Battenberg's flagship, *Prince of Wales*. King Alfonso was shown over the big battleship, and just before he took his departure the entire ship's company was mustered on deck to give him three cheers.

Surveying the solid mass of brawny bluejackets, flanked by both red and blue marines, drawn up before him, he felt suddenly inspired to address them in praise. Holding up his hand, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "You marines are very beautiful!" It was all the officers could do to restrain the laughter of the sailors.

Would Spoil His Day.

A FAVOURITE story of Sir Henry Irving's was that of the funeral of a young married woman. The undertaker bustled up to the widower, saying:

"You, sir, will, of course, go in the carriage with the mother of the deceased."

"What! Me go in the carriage with me mother-in-law? Not likely."

The widower stuck to his resolution, and so the undertaker laid the matter before some of his intimate friends. These surrounded the chief mourner and began to remonstrate with him.

"I'll not, I tell ye; I'll go in any other carriage that ye wish, but not in that."

"Oh, of course, if ye won't, ye won't. But, if ye don't, it'll be thrown up against ye, and be construed into an affront on the poor girl that's gone. Ye loved her, Jack, we all know, an' ye wouldn't like that."

This argument prevailed. As he began to move towards the carriage he turned to his friends and said in a low voice, "I'm doin' it because ye say I ought to, and for the poor girl that's gone. But ye'll spoil me day."

Unlike Aeneas.

IN the STRAND MAGAZINE Mr. Harry Furniss tells a good story which he heard from a friend, the colonel of a Sikh regiment in India. The officers were much annoyed by some native hanging about their camp and "sniping" them with a rifle. The colonel sent for his orderly, a native soldier, and said he wanted a squad to go over the mountain that night and catch the miscreant who was annoying them. The orderly saluted, and begged to be allowed to act alone, assuring his colonel that he would soon catch the culprit. The officer, admiring his pluck, agreed, and the next morning the soldier walked in with the head of the sniper. The officers were loud in their praise of the soldier's valour.

"Oh, sir, I had no difficulty," he said. "You see, I knew his ways. He was my father."

Not What He Wanted.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. J. STUART WORTLEY, speaking at the mayor's banquet at Folkestone, said that many of the unemployed did not desire to be employed. One day, on his estate in Hampshire, a man asked him for work. He said, "Yea, go to my bailiff, and he will give you a spade, and I will pay you 16s. a week."

"Thank God," said the man, "I cannot tell you how much obliged I am."

The man then disappeared, and in two weeks' time he observed written on his gate the following words:

"Do not apply for work here, because you will get it."

The Professor's Joke.

A GOOD story is told of President Roosevelt's college days. On one occasion he was called upon to recite an old poem beginning:

"At midnight in his guarded tent,

The Turk lay dreaming of the hour

When Greece, her knee in supplication bent,

Should tremble at his power."

He only got as far as the third line, when he began to hesitate, and then stopped. Twice he repeated "Greece, her knee," and then stopped. The old professor beamed on him over his glasses, and then dryly remarked: "Greece her knee once more, Theodore. Perhaps she'll go then."

The Tune He Whistled.

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer of New York tells an anecdote of Kermit Roosevelt, the President's son.

"I was acting as steward," he says, "in some gymkhana races at Oyster Bay, and one of the events was a race in which the contestants had to ride a given distance to a certain spot where an equal number of young ladies stood with pencil, paper, and envelope. Each rider had to dismount here and whistle a tune, the lady writing its name down on the paper. She then had to seal it up in the envelope and hand it to the rider, who remounted and finished the race, delivering the envelope at the judges' stand. The first one in with a correct answer won the event."

"As steward, I was deputed before the race to write down the name of the tune each entrant would whistle."

"What are you going to whistle?" I asked young Kermit.

"I'm going to whistle 'Everybody Works but Father,'" said the President's son.

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If you study your sons' future welfare, THE SCOUT will prove itself of great value to them.

STARTLING CRIMES AND NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS.



The Delarue Tragedy

Related by DICK DONOVAN.

Last week it was told how on Friday, February 21st, 1845, in the vicinity of a lane abutting on to Belgrave Park, a baker going his rounds heard piercing cries of "murder." Not being able to locate the spot, he informed a policeman. The policeman, Baldock, discovered with the aid of his sergeant a dead body, evidently that of a gentleman. It was also evident that a brutal crime had been perpetrated. While the sergeant went for more assistance, Baldock was accosted by a stranger, whistling merrily. He was the actual murderer; yet he remained and talked to the constable until the body was removed to the Hampstead police station. On examination, the corpse proved to be that of a well-known teacher of music, Mr. Delarue. It came out at the coroner's inquest that Delarue was in the habit of having letters addressed to him in the name of James Cooper, and that these letters were always sent to a house in Hampstead Road. One such was found on his dead body. It bore the signature of Caroline, and was instrumental in bringing the murderer to book. The police activity did not result in anything until the Wednesday following the crime. Then they paid a visit at night-time to an intimate friend of Delarue's, Thomas Henry Hocker, who lived with his brother James.

WHEN first questioned, Thomas prevaricated a good deal, until at last his brother said: "Tom, why don't you tell the men the truth?"

Upon that Thomas produced from under his pillow a silver watch, and handed it to the policemen with the remark that it had been given to him by Delarue some time ago. He also produced several pawn-tickets relating to a gold watch, a gold guard and seal, and a ring, explaining that it was property he had pawned on behalf of Delarue. He and Delarue, he said, had been great friends, and had had many monetary transactions together.

While the police were searching the room one of them picked up a button from the floor, which was identical with the one that was picked up at the spot where the murder had been committed. Thomas was, of course, arrested, and conveyed at once to the "New Prison" at Clerkenwell, where unconvicted prisoners were then temporarily detained.

At a later hour the police went to 17 Charles Street, Portland Town, occupied by Mr. Hocker, senior, and his wife, who were startled and horrified when they were informed that their son had been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Delarue.

It appeared that, though Thomas occupied lodgings at Victoria Terrace, he also had a bedroom at his father's house; and when the police searched this room they made sensational discoveries. They came across a pair of trousers that were quite stiff with blood and covered with dirt.

Sensational Discoveries.

The right knee of the trousers showed that the wearer had knelt down on that knee in a pool of blood. There were also a pair of stockings blood-stained, and a mackintosh splashed on back and front with blood.

A further search brought to light from under the mattress a pair of pants made from what was known as "gambroon cloth." Some crude attempt had been made to wash them, and a large piece had been cut out of the right knee, corresponding to the great bloodstain on the right knee of the trousers.

The poor old father and mother recognised all these things as having belonged to Thomas.

The following morning the coat the prisoner was wearing when conveyed to Clerkenwell was examined, and two buttons were found to be missing. Those remaining were exactly like the two in possession of the police. One had been dropped where the murder was committed; the other in the bedroom at Victoria Terrace. This fact was in itself a very remarkable and very powerful link in the chain of circumstantial evidence—far more powerful, in fact, than the blood-stained clothes.

An Expert Penman.

Then another extraordinary discovery was made amongst Hocker's papers, which was nothing more nor less than a copy of the letter signed "Caroline" which had been taken from the dead body of Delarue. This copy was in the handwriting of Thomas—identified by his father and brother—and then sharp questioning brought forth the information that Thomas, who was a brilliant penman, could imitate any writing.

This left no room to doubt that he had written the Caroline letter which had lured the victim to his doom, but that only half explained the mystery, for Caroline must have been a real person, otherwise Delarue would not have been deceived, for the letter referred to love and the happy hours the pair had spent together.

With this accumulated weight of evidence the inquest was resumed, and in the meantime James

until Thomas exclaimed: "Don't let's talk about that; it's not a pleasant matter." He then sang a song or two, for he was an excellent singer, and some rum was produced to enhance the hilarity.

Watson, who seems to have been a shrewd man and an observant one, thought that Thomas showed signs of uneasiness when the murder was being discussed, and this led him to think he might be the guilty person. But he could not make up his mind until the Wednesday evening, and then he deemed it his duty to mention the matter to the police. That information led to the surprise visit being paid to the brothers while they were in bed.

The other new witness was a pretty young girl of about seventeen, with whom Thomas had been carrying on a flirtation. She was staying with the housekeeper engaged at the house of a titled gentleman, who lived in Marylebone. This girl, who was little more than a child, became greatly excited and hysterical. She fainted several times, and her examination led to very painful scenes. The coroner treated her with the utmost kindness and consideration. He pointed out that in the interests of justice and truth she must tell all she knew, although it might affect the prisoner adversely.

Thomas Hocker's Qualifications.

When she had sufficiently recovered her self-possession, she stated that Thomas Hocker had called upon her on the Monday evening following the murder, and in the course of the evening he showed her a watch and a ring. The seconds pointer of the watch was broken. Shown Delarue's watch, the pointer of which was broken, she at once identified it as the watch her sweetheart had exhibited to her on the Monday night. Asked to examine the letter signed "Caroline," she swore it was Hocker's writing. She had often seen him write like that.

Thomas Henry Hocker, it may be stated here, was an exceptionally good scholar and a clever musician. For many years he was a student at the well-known scholastic establishment of the Rev. Sanderson Robins, of St. John's Wood. His assiduity and quickness were remarkable, and obtained for him at an early age pre-eminence over all his schoolfellows both for acquirements and general good conduct. He subsequently obtained a mastership in the school in which he had been brought up, but by degrees he formed habits which utterly unfitted him for his duties, and he had to resign. After that he went to Sheffield, where he obtained a scholastic appointment.

While in Sheffield he made the acquaintance of a young lady of excellent social position. It appeared, however, that he treated her very badly, and was compelled to leave Sheffield. He then returned to London and set up as a teacher of music, and resided with his father.

From Brother to Brother.

It was at this time he made the acquaintance of Delarue, and at first a very strong friendship existed between them. But whereas Delarue was an industrious and prosperous man, Hocker was untrustworthy and dissipated; but his friend helped him considerably, and lent him various sums of money, aggregating £150. Hocker himself admitted that.

After the second adjournment of the inquest, at which the broken-hearted father had to give evidence against his son, the old man on returning home found a letter from Thomas to James. The first-named did not know that his brother had been arrested. It was dated from the new prison at Clerkenwell, and he expressed surprise that James had not been to see him.

He very emphatically declared his innocence, and said, "I am preparing a plain, homely defence. I am as happy here as they can make me. But for the governor's kindness I should have nothing but oatmeal, gruel, and dry bread. You could make me happy if you liked. I could see you, but my dear father and mother—oh, never! Remember that, though I am within these walls, I am your brother. You have not sent me any snuff, and my linen is so dirty I am ashamed to be seen. Although I am considered a murderer, I am still your affectionate brother."

James in the Witness-box.

This curious letter was handed to the police, and was read in court. At the resumed inquiry before the coroner on March 3rd both the prisoners were brought up, and were accommodated with chairs. They sat facing each other, and were closely watched. It was noted that they frequently exchanged significant looks and made certain signs with their fingers.

The evidence that was forthcoming strengthened the case against Thomas, but weakened it against James. The result was the latter was discharged, and was at

Hocker was arrested, but his arrest was not made known to Thomas.

Two new witnesses now appeared upon the scene. One was a William Watson, who was well acquainted with the Hockers, and he paid them a friendly call on the Saturday night after the murder, which was a subject of conversation for a time, of conversation for a time, of conversation for a time.

once ordered to go into the witness-box, where he was subjected to severe questioning.

He declared that he knew very little of his brother's affairs, for Thomas was very secretive and did not take him into his confidence. He was aware, however, that he and Delarue were very intimate, and that he had received a good deal of money from Delarue. On the night of the murder he showed James a watch with a broken pointer, which he said Delarue had given to him. He also had a lot of money in gold, which he accounted for by saying that he had borrowed it from a Mrs. Watson.

James was also aware that his brother and Delarue, who was in the habit of receiving correspondence addressed to him in the name of James Cooper, were acquainted with a young lady who lived at or near Hampstead, and whose Christian name was Caroline. Beyond that bare fact he knew nothing about her.

Shown the letter signed "Caroline" and the copy of it found among Thomas's papers, he reluctantly admitted that he believed they were in his brother's handwriting. His brother was an exceedingly clever penman.

Coroner's Verdict.

The person referred to as Mrs. (?) Watson was next called forward. She proved to be the housekeeper to a gentleman of title, at whose house the young sweetheart was staying. She had become acquainted with Thomas through his visiting the girl, but she had never been very friendly with him, and had never lent him a penny in her life. She was aware that he was an educated man; that he was a good musician and sang well.

Asked if she had ever seen him with a stick, she admitted that she had. It was an ebony stick with a heavy knob. This stick was then produced, and she identified it. It had been found at his lodgings. It had a heavy knob at the end. The knob was split and blood-stained.

This concluded the preliminary evidence before the coroner, whose jury at once returned a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner, and he was conveyed back to prison in a 'bus amid the hootings of a very hostile crowd.

The following day he was brought up before the magistrate sitting at Marylebone. He appeared to be perfectly nonchalant, and treated the whole proceedings with a considerable amount of levity. After two or three appearances at the police-court he was committed for trial and placed in Newgate Jail. The remains of Delarue were laid to rest in the burial-ground of Hampstead old church in the presence of an enormous crowd.

During the interval every effort was made by the police to strengthen the evidence and to find the mysterious Caroline. After many inquiries, a young woman bearing the Christian name of Caroline was discovered living at Hampstead. Her surname was not allowed to transpire, but, according to the accounts, she admitted that she had known Delarue, and had been in the habit of meeting him at night. She denied, however, that she wrote the letter signed "Caroline," nor did she see Delarue at all on the night of the murder, for she had made no appointment with him.

At Old Bailey.

Although so much was allowed to leak out, the young woman was not produced as a witness at the trial. In consequence of this a rumour gained currency—whether well founded or not it is impossible to say—that the young lady was very highly connected, and that powerful influence was brought to bear to keep her name from being published and to prevent her being called as a witness.

The trial began at the Old Bailey on Friday morning, April 11th, 1845, before Mr. Justice Coleridge. Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Chambers appeared as counsel for the prosecution, while Mr. Clarkson and Mr. —afterwards Serjeant—Ballantyne, defended the prisoner.

When Hocker appeared in the dock it was particularly noted that he seemed to be in perfect health and excellent spirits. He had dressed himself with great care, and, though his face was somewhat marked with small-pox, he was prepossessing. He was dark complexioned, had an intellectual expression and a well-shaped head and forehead, and was smart and alert.

Serjeant Ballantyne in his "Experiences" makes special reference to this extraordinary case, and says: "It presented some curious facts, and although no doubt could arise as to the guilt of the accused man, there was, nevertheless, a mystery connected with the deed which was never explained."

Ballantyne Interviews the Prisoner.

Ballantyne also comments on the mysterious Caroline letter, and, with a view to getting some clear explanation from the prisoner, he says: "For the first and only time in my life that I ever did so I requested and obtained an interview with the prisoner. It took place in Newgate during the mid-day adjournment of the court, and remains vividly on my memory. He was seated upon a wooden bench in a small, square cell, whitewashed and without any other furniture, himself quite calm and self-possessed."

His counsel could make no impression upon him.

Paragraph: Sigh no more, sigh no more, ladies, men were deceivers ever.
Changelet: Crush no more, push no more, ladies; bargains were sold yesterday

and he announced his intention of putting his own "statement of facts" before the jury at the proper time. He refused to talk about Caroline.

Bodkin opened the case at great length, and he carefully marshalled every fact known and every detail that had been got together. He particularly commented on the incident of the man who came up to Baldock, the policeman, while he was standing by the dead body, and who felt the pulse, pronounced Delarue dead, and gave the policeman a shilling; and Bodkin told the court that witnesses would be produced who would swear that the prisoner was that man. It will be remembered that he asked the policeman to open his lantern so that he might light a cigar. The policeman did, and, as the light fell full on the man's face, he had a good look at him, and now swore positively that the prisoner was the same man. The waiter at the Swiss Cottage tavern also swore that the prisoner was the man who on the night of the crime had two glasses of brandy and water in the tavern.

The evidence was much the same as that which had been given at the inquest and the magisterial inquiry, though the witnesses had to submit to severe cross-examination at the hands of the defence, but not one of them was shaken.

The Caroline letter which was found upon the body of the dead man, and which no doubt had lured him to his doom, was produced, together with the copy found amongst the prisoner's papers. There was no question about this being in Hocker's handwriting. Having written the original, he had reproduced it in a feigned handwriting, superscribed it to "James Cooper, Esq.," at the address in the Hampstead Road, and delivered it there by hand.

Had the original not been discovered at his lodgings, the mystery would have been much greater than it was. In that case, however, it is probable that Caroline would have been put into the witness-box to deny having written to Delarue.

A Marvellous Exhibition.

When the prosecution had exhausted their evidence and had forged such a strong chain that it seemed nothing could break it, Justice Coleridge told the prisoner that if he wished to make any statement the time had come for him to do so. It was a privilege which was then accorded to a prisoner. Nowadays a person being tried for his life may elect to go into the witness-box and give evidence, but is, of course, liable to be cross-examined.

On receiving the permission Hocker produced a bulky bundle of manuscript, and in a clear, steady voice read a statement in his own defence.

It was one of the most remarkable documents ever read in a public court by a prisoner whose life was trembling in the balance. It displayed literary power of a very high order, and was read with great elocutionary ability. Instead of a prisoner being tried for an atrocious murder, he might have been a scientific professor addressing a learned society.

In this defence he mysteriously hinted at another person who could divulge the truth about the crime, but unless that person came forward voluntarily he (the prisoner) would never divulge anything, and if he died, he would die as a martyr.

Dark Suggestions.

Nothing would induce him, he declared, to turn traitor. He was innocent, and had nothing to fear. He accounted for the blood upon his clothes by saying that when he knew of the crime he immediately went to a slaughter-house and deluged himself with blood, as he wished to screen the real culprit. He did not deny that he was the person who had felt the dead man's pulse and given Baldock a shilling.

The drift of his whole argument was to darkly suggest that Caroline had been betrayed by Delarue. On the fatal night she met him and asked him to marry her. On his refusing she killed him. He (the prisoner), according to the inference to be derived from his strange story, knew the meeting was to take place, but did not anticipate murder.

The reading of this paper caused a perfect sensation in court. Judge, counsel, jury, spectators listened in silent amazement. For upwards of an hour the prisoner continued to read; never once did he falter, never once did his voice fail him. At times he rose to a height of declamatory passion, at others he became pathetic and appealing; and anon he assumed the air and attitude of a deeply-wronged and injured person.

It was a wonderful effort for so young a man, and his assertion that in order to screen the real criminal he had deluged himself with blood in a slaughter-house as soon as he knew of the murder would have furnished Edgar Allan Poe with a subject for one of his grim "Tales of Terror."

Summing Up.

When he had finished, he showed not the slightest trace of exhaustion or excitement. With perfectly steady hand he gathered up his sheets of manuscript and sat down on the bench with which the dock was provided. It was some minutes before the court recovered from its amazement.

Then Coleridge, in his calm, judicial, incisive way, began to sum up. He analysed the evidence in the most critical manner, and endeavoured for the benefit of the jury to elucidate points that might have seemed obscure. He commented on the prisoner's

cleverness and his truly marvellous self-possession. He dwelt upon the much-talked-of letter which had lured the victim to his doom, and emphasised the fact that the prisoner wrote that letter. He ridiculed the slaughter-house story; at the same time, he urged the jury to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt they might have in their own minds as to the clearness of his guilt.

When the judge had finished, the jury retired; but it was evident they only did so for the sake of appearances, for their minds were made up, and in ten minutes' time they were back in court with a verdict of "Guilty."

The prisoner listened to the usual questions and answers without betraying the slightest sign of emotion, and when he stood up to hear his doom he was perfectly calm and collected, though very pale.

Justice Coleridge pronounced the dread sentence very solemnly and pathetically, and assured the culprit that there was no hope for him on earth. He entirely agreed with the verdict, for on the evidence no other was possible. When the last word had been uttered, Hocker smiled slightly, bowed to the judge, and with apparent unconcern turned and left the dock, with his bundle of manuscript under his arm.

Never Confessed.

He spent nearly the whole of his last night on earth in writing. He penned a very long letter to each of two young women to whom he had been paying his addresses, and to the Ordinary of the gaol, the Rev. Mr. Davis, he wrote as follows:

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—This is the last written communication I shall make in this world. I am not ashamed again and again to declare my innocence to all the world and to say that I am not guilty of murder. God and my conscience bear witness, and this I shall be able to shout from my heart on my entrance into eternity. A man whom I have treated as my friend is the murderer of Delarue. His own admission of the fact was the only means of extricating me from this unworthy end. He has not come forward. Had I caused him to be apprehended he would doubtless have denied it. I have been assured that had I not been found guilty of the murder I should have been transported for life for highway robbery; such an alternative has failed to induce me to divulge what it is my resolution to die with in my bosom. Let this sentence ring in the murderer's ear, that he is not only the destroyer of Delarue, but of me also. I did not lift a hand against Delarue."

"T. H. HOCKER."

Mr. Davis stated that he had done everything in his power to induce the condemned man to confess, but never once did he admit his guilt. He was quiet and orderly, and listened attentively to the chaplain's exhortations. But everything failed to move him to a confession that he was responsible for poor Delarue's death.

On the last Sunday he attended divine service twice, and after that spent some hours in penning the letters alluded to. In those to the young women he also emphatically declared himself innocent.

Towards the morning he threw himself on to his bed, but was very restless, and as the daylight dawned he got up again and paced up and down his cell. It was obvious to those whose duty it was to watch him that his physical and mental powers were breaking down, and in a few hours he seemed to age by years.

Pitiable Execution.

When the executioner, Calcraft, appeared to pinion him, his self-possession was all gone. In that supreme moment he shrank back horrified, and suddenly became unconscious. He was placed in a chair and carried out into the open air, and it was thought that he was dead. It was only after a considerable time and after many remedies were tried that he was partially restored, but he was virtually dead, for he did not seem to recognise anyone, and warders had to carry him to the scaffold. It was one of the most painful scenes ever witnessed in Newgate. When he was placed on the drop he swayed about, and had to be held up until the fatal bolt was drawn.

The execution took place on Monday, April 28th, in the presence of an enormous concourse of people of the usual type given to attending executions.

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A NEW SERIES.

HOME TRUTHS.

III.—Good Taste in the Home.

IN reply to a lady of Brixton, I would remark that her question, "What is good taste?" is as difficult to answer as the question, "What is truth?" No one ever has answered either question.

The lady of Brixton tells me this tale:

"I live in a semi-detached house. My neighbour's house is precisely the same as mine in the decorations—we have the same wall-papers, the same light-fittings, identical door-knobs. In the various rooms we have much the same furniture. Yet I am aware that there is an artistic sense about her house that mine lacks. Friends continually speak about her good taste."

"I should be glad if you could tell me: What is good taste?"

There are many rough-and-ready tests of good taste. One is simplicity. It is possible for elaborate and ornate objects to be in good taste; equally is it possible for them to be in bad taste. But it is almost impossible for things essentially simple to be otherwise than good.

The other test is the question: Does the object fill a definitely useful and appropriate purpose?—as does a dining-table in a dining-room, as does not a coloured piece of tissue paper around a flower-pot.

A case in point:

In two adjoining houses in Clapham there are two grand pianos—magnificent pianos, each worth hundreds of guineas.

One is covered with drapery, and on the covering stand scores upon scores of photograph frames, vases, knick-knacks, and ornaments in every variety of china, silver, and wood.

The other stands in its place in the music-room, naked and unadorned, all in its pristine beauty—for there is beauty in a grand piano, or Whistler never would have painted his grand piano picture.

To the question, "Which of these two pianos represents good taste?" we apply the tests, "Simplicity and useful purpose," and we find the draped piano wanting. It is neither simple, nor are its ornaments useful or appropriate to piano-playing.

If the lady of Brixton will apply these tests to her home, she will perceive at once where it lacks in good taste.

I make no doubt that her house, like nearly all houses, is filled with rubbishy ornaments, neither beautiful in themselves, nor simple, nor useful. I am confident it contains quite a display of wedding presents in new silver, and I feel sure it would be difficult to count the number of china vases and photograph frames.

Is it not a thousand pities that the old-fashioned photograph-album has grown to be considered a thing of bad taste?

There were great advantages in the old-fashioned photograph-album; it kept pictures of relations-in-law decently buried; it provided amusement for visitors; it made it unnecessary to put a framed photograph on the top of a piano. It stood for something at once simple and useful—the very opposite of what is represented by the knick-knack.

I beg the lady of Brixton to take all her family portraits out of their frames, whether frames of silver or plush, whether cheap or costly—and decently bury the photographs in an old-fashioned album.

P.S.—This done, she should bury the frames.

NOT FORGETTING POOR PA.

Mrs. Briggs was in high feather, for Mr. Briggs had just presented her with the usual Christmas cheque, and, as it was a nice big one, there was much rejoicing.

"That is jolly," said Sophie, Mrs. Briggs' eldest daughter; "just think of the Christmas presents we can buy."

"And how do you propose to spend the money?" asked her mother.

"I'd buy you a set of sables, and we can get a new sixteen-guinea bicycle for Tommy. Then I can have that lovely set of furs I saw the other day, and we can book six stalls for the pantomime."

"Sister Clara must have that new muff, and the cook that gold-mounted umbrella we saw last week, and, er—er, let me see, I know there's something else. Oh, yes, of course; we've forgotten papa's Christmas card!"

PISCATOR: "Is it against the law to fish in this stream, can you tell me?"

Native: "No, but it's agin' common sense. Ther' ain't no fish in it!"

Mrs. NEWRICH: "Don't you think, William, now we are getting into the smart set, that we should have a coat-of-arms?"

Mr. Newrich: "Certainly, my dear. I'll see my tailor about it to-morrow."

The smart boy obtained the coveted situation. He was undoubtedly a constant reader of THE SCOUT

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that Will Interest You.

Mind Your Eye.

A new eye complaint which is said to be caused by watching cinematograph pictures has been discovered by a New York doctor. The symptoms are headache and nervousness.

Towards an "Entente."

A painting which represents the French defeat at Sedan, and which hangs in the German House of Parliament, is about to be removed.

Our Biggest Goose Club.

The world's largest Christmas goose club is connected with the Browning Settlement at Walworth, London. This year 15,000 shares have been allotted.

England's Ancient Waterway.

Attempts are being made to modernise Exeter Ship Canal, which was constructed during the reign of Elizabeth, and is the most ancient waterway of its kind in England. The work of lengthening the canal by a mile and a half occupied forty years of the eighteenth century.

Cheap but Chilly.

An eleven-year-old shoeblack jumped on to the back of General Smith-Dorrien's motor-car at Liverpool Street the other day, thinking it was going to Romford. The car, however, did not stop until it reached Ongar, and when the lad was discovered and taken to the workhouse he was stiff with cold.

Serenading Leads to Duel.

Two young men in Naples, who had gone to serenade the same girl met under her window. They then fought a duel with knives when both were badly injured.

Better Dead.

A body which was found in the Loire at Nantes some time ago was identified as that of Pierre Desgris, and Desgris was written off as legally dead. The other day he presented himself at the police station, and declared that he was not dead. The police accepted his statement, but promptly arrested him on an old charge of theft.

Books for Russian Bairs.

A plebiscite taken by a St. Petersburg newspaper shows that the books considered most suitable for children there are "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Vrillov's "Fables," and "Robinson Crusoe." Out of fifteen books that received most votes six were translations of English works.

Telegraphists' Cramp.

It is stated that about 75 per cent. of the total staff of 18,000 employed at the General Post Office in telegraphy are affected with the disease called "telegraphists' cramp," which, in the opinion of Dr. J. Sinclair, Second Medical Officer at St. Martin's-le-Grand, is not curable when it is once established.

'Mid Strange Surroundings.

A wedding took place the other day in the Bible Christian Chapel, St. Columb, amid stores of butter, eggs, and rabbits. The building was sold to a merchant some time ago when the sect united with the United Methodists, but the United Methodist Chapel has not yet been licensed.

Better than Bunnies.

Edward Woods and Thomas Dickinson, lumbermen of Oil City, Pennsylvania, were trying to dig a rabbit out of a hole in the hillside near Oleopolis, when they found an iron kettle containing £720 in gold.

Blind Lady's Sight Restored.

Miss Alice Hollis, of Port Huron, Michigan, who had been blind for thirty-six years, has just had her sight restored by Dr. Fagenstecher, of Wiesbaden. "I am no happier now," she declares, "for I never allowed my blindness to make me unhappy."

Hustling Needed Here.

The Austrian postal department intends spending £250,000 on developing the telephone service of the country. At present there are only 22,000 subscribers in Vienna, and would be subscribers have sometimes to wait several months for a telephone.

By the Beard of the Prophet.

Lightning struck the mosque at Uskub the other day and set fire to the building, leaving it, with all its costly contents, a heap of ashes. Only the most precious relic was left intact—a hair from the beard of the Prophet Mahomet.

Beer's Protecting Colour.

Dark reddish brown is the best colour for glass beer bottles, according to investigations in Germany. The passage of light through the glass affects the beer, and the green of champagne bottles and bluish-green glass are less of a protection than the dark red glass.

Personal Pars.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

A Singer's Kindness.

The fact that Madame Emma Calvé recently sang at the bedside of a doctor who was ill and had expressed a desire to hear her magnificent voice, recalls a similar incident in the career of another famous prima donna, Madame Albani. Some years ago, when she was on a visit to Norwich, an old gentleman, who had formerly heard her sing "The Last Rose of Summer," wrote to ask her if he might hear it again just once more before he died. Although he was a total stranger, Madame Albani was so touched at his request that she went straight to the bedside of the invalid, and cheered his last moments with her wonderful rendering of the beautiful song.

A Royal Cycle Racer.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE is the most democratic of monarchs and is frequently coming in contact with his subjects under the most out-of-the-way conditions. He was once taking exercise on his bicycle when he was challenged by a gentleman on horseback, who was quite unaware of his identity, to race his bicycle against the King's horse. The King, fully entering into the novelty of the situation, immediately accepted, and the race began in real earnest. His Majesty lost by a few yards, and as the race was for a sum of money, he put his hand into his pocket to pay his opponent. To his surprise, however, he had not sufficient ready cash to settle the debt, so he told the astonished winner to call at the palace and ask for the King, when he would receive the amount due to him. As, however, the victor did not call, the prize-money was later on handed to the Queen for one of her favourite charities.

A Unique Newspaper.

THE Emperor of Austria, whose Diamond Jubilee has recently been celebrated with great rejoicings, is the proprietor of a curious little newspaper. Many years ago, he gave orders that a private newspaper should be given to him every morning. All the important articles in the general Press are condensed by competent officials, and are then printed on small square sheets which are bound together in a neat cover and placed on the Emperor's table. Nothing that concerns his Majesty personally, whether disagreeable or otherwise, is omitted, and, it is perhaps needless to add, that only one copy of this unique newspaper is produced every day.

A Shavian Reply.

THERE are few more original men alive to-day than Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and he may always be relied upon to say something that is out of the common. It is related that some time ago some amateurs wrote to him to say that they wished to produce one of his plays. Their surprise may be imagined when they received the following reply: "Amateurs cannot perform my plays. Professionals cannot unless I am there to help them. By all means, do it if you want to, but Heaven help the audience!"

He Stuck To It.

MR. BARRY PAIN, the famous humorist, is as clever at telling a good story as he is at writing one. Some time ago, he was present at a gathering of artists, and, in the course of the evening, he rose to make a speech. "Gentlemen," he said, "being present at a gathering in which art is so largely represented, I feel it incumbent upon me to say a few words concerning the subject of painting. Speaking personally, my only efforts in that direction were on an occasion when I 'Aspinalled' our bath. My friends said to me, 'My dear fellow, it's no good your going in for painting unless you're prepared to stick to your work.' Well," concluded Mr. Pain, amidst the laughter of his audience, "I did."

The Duke and the Artist.

MR. W. P. FARR, the veteran artist, was commissioned to paint the wedding ceremony of our present King and Queen, and desiring to include the portrait of a certain famous Duke who was present at the marriage, he wrote to him, asking for the favour of a sitting. After waiting for some time, he received the following curious answer: "Dear Sir,—My engagements for the next few months will not give me any leisure to comply with your request. If it is absolutely necessary that my form should be portrayed by you, I would suggest, in regard to my face, that you represent it as buried in my hat, according to the manner of most people when they go to church."

King Edward as a Collector.

KING EDWARD is very fond of collecting various things, and he is said to have the finest private collection of guns in the world. Many of these were presents, and one of the finest of them all was a gift from King Leopold of the Belgians. But probably his Majesty's most remarkable collection consists of the programmes of all the theatres and operas at which he has been present for many years past. These number some hundreds, and form one of the most interesting records of the theatre in existence. Formerly, King Edward used to collect theatrical posters, but latterly he has given them up.

Picture Pars.

(See Footline.)

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars. used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls, price 1s., or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

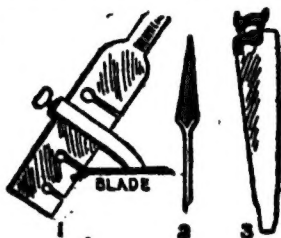
TELLS THE WEIGHT OF GLASS.

OUR illustration shows the instrument known as a "glazier's diamond," which is used for cutting glass, the actual cutting being accomplished by the little wheel at the extreme end. To those who are unfamiliar with this tool the presence of the little countersunk squares of different sizes on the side of the shaft is always puzzling. These notches, however, serve a two-fold purpose. First of all by indicating the thickness of the glass they denote the exact weight of the sheet, such as 12oz. glass, 16oz. glass, and so on. Again by means of these notches the glazier can break off strips of glass that have been partially severed, but are too thin or narrow to be removed with the fingers.



HOW SAWS ARE SET.

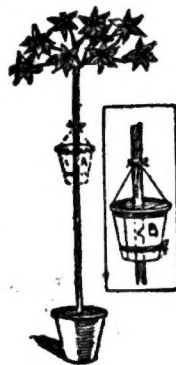
OUR illustration, particularly Fig. 1, shows an instrument used for setting saws. When these tools are in good order, the teeth project alternately over the blade, so that, as shown in Fig. 2, there is a 'valley' up the middle. In course of wear the set, as this is called, disappears and the teeth overlap the blade so slightly that the saw refuses to run freely. It is to bring the teeth back to their former position that the setting instrument is used. It is made of steel, is thinner at the edge than at the back, and has several notches cut into it to fit saws of various thicknesses. There is also a steel stop attached to it which can be adjusted by a thumb screw. The sawyer, having fixed the saw in the vice, discovers the notch which fits the teeth, and having



adjusted the stop, inserts one of the teeth into that notch. Then, by pressing over the setting instrument, he turns down the tooth until the stop comes into contact with the blade of the saw. This indicates that this tooth has been sufficiently set. This process is repeated with all the other teeth so that each has the same set and is even with its fellows. There is still another point that the sawyer must observe. The cutting edge of his saw must be curved as shown in Fig. 3. When this ceases to be the case, the higher teeth must be cut down and refilled until the proper contour is obtained.

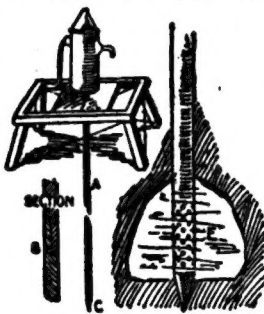
FOR SHORTENING ARLIA STEMS.

MANY readers may possess aralia plants which are spoiled in appearance by the exceptional length of the stalk, and they will be interested in the following method of reducing the stem. Having cut a flower pot through the centre, make a notch on the stalk and tie the flower-pot round the stem at that point so that the notch is half-way down the pot and that the stalk passes through the hole at the bottom. Next fill the pot with earth and water in the usual way. In due time it will be found that the plant has begun to send out roots at the notch, after which the stem may be severed below this new root and the aralia replanted in a larger pot.



SPEEDILY-BUILT WATER PUMPS.

HERE is a speedy method of obtaining a water supply. It is known as the Abyssian pump, and is frequently used by soldiers on the march, for the distinguishing feature of this pump is that it obviates the necessity of sinking a well with all the attendant labour and expense. The pump itself is of ordinary construction, but the suction pipe, A, consists of lengths of iron tubing, which fit into each other in the manner indicated by section B. This tubing is about 2 in. in diameter, and each length is six feet long. The first pipe to be put down has a piercing point and is bored with holes for about eighteen inches from the bottom to allow the water to enter. This pipe is driven perpendicular into the ground until the top is near the surface, when the second length is fitted on



and driven into the ground in turn. This process is repeated until water is reached, when the pump itself is attached. At first the water obtained is heavily charged with sand but in a short time the extraction of the sand with the water leads to the formation of a cavity at the foot of the shaft or piping in which the water gathers and from which it is pumped pure and clear to the surface.

START
TO-DAY.

The Priest.

START
TO-DAY.

A bold, vigorous story, like none that has ever appeared in this paper. Read the foreword in the first column.

SHALL THIS STORY CONTINUE?

This story, "The Priest," as Mr. Applin told you last week, when read by me for the first time was declined because I feared that it was not quite the class of story most suited to your taste. As you know, it is the policy of this paper not to print articles or stories dealing with such controversial subjects as religion and politics. "The Priest" is a religious story, but its deep human interest and its powerful reality will, I hope, compel your attention. Moreover, Mr. Applin's masterly handling of his subject removes all possible offence to the reader, whatever his convictions may be. I want you to let me know—on a postcard will do—how you like this story. If the majority of you say: "Stop the story," your mandate will be obeyed.

Your Editor.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

REGINALD GASCOIGNE, who has made his money in trade and by sweating his employes, returns home to his native village in Cornwall to die.

On going into the world he has become a Roman Catholic, and now on his death-bed he wants his only son, Jim, to go into his business and join his religion.

Jim has not seen his father for years. He has been educated for the Army and brought up as a Protestant.

The dying man has made a will leaving everything to Jim and stipulating that he is to look after his uncle John, an old fisherman.

When Jim refuses to take up his father's business and join the Catholic faith, Gascoigne rapidly draws out another short will, leaving his money to the Church of Rome, and revoking all previous dispositions.

Jim goes to fetch the priest. John argues with his brother and tries to take the new will from under his pillow by force. He fails; Jim and the priest enter, and Gascoigne dies, thoroughly exhausted, gasping for words.

The priest and the doctor go. John secures the will and urges Jim to destroy it. He argues that to do so is not wrong, as Gascoigne was mad when he made it; that it means the ruin of himself, Jim, and Iris, his ward, a girl he has rescued from the sea, and Jim's sweetheart.

He then departs leaving Jim with the dead man, and the recently-executed parchment near by on a chest.

Jim has a terrible wrestle with his conscience, but eventually sees eye to eye with his uncle, who has gained for himself the title of Straight John in the village, and he destroys the will.

After his crime he is filled with remorse, and to atone his conscience he travels, finding himself in the northern town where his father made his money.

Here, Jim is a prey to conflicting thoughts as to whether he shall spend the money he has illegally gained or turn philanthropist.

In Manchester he gains an insight into the lives of the unemployed, and from there he goes over to Oldham, where his father had his works, and notes the manner of life and distress of the people.

Returning to Manchester, a mill-hand gets into the same railway-carriage with him.

She is Poppy Marshall, generally called "Ginger Pop," because of her red hair.

He accompanies her in Manchester to search for her father. She purposely deserts him and enters a train bound back for Oldham.

Iris welcomes Jim on his return to Cornwall, and, noticing his changed demeanour, she pleads for his secret.

He tells her that a great barrier lies between them. He has sinned and he wavers between the service of God and mammon. He promises Iris to consult with Straight John.

Jim apparently makes up his mind to serve God, for he calls on the Vicar of his parish, and tells him of his determination to enter the Church and renounce Iris.

The Vicar endeavours to dissuade Jim from throwing over Iris. He points out that he will break her heart, and also the advantages a married minister has. Jim is adamant. He meets Straight John and tells him he is going to pay for his sin to the uttermost farthing, and that he could not marry Iris without telling her his secret.

John threatens to kill him if he exposes him to Iris, demands that he shall marry the girl and deliver to him half the stolen wealth; or, as the alternative, he declares he will expose him to the world. He bids Jim further consult Iris and gives him an hour in which to do so.

Jim goes to Iris. She twits him that he is afraid to tell her his decision. His great passion for her prevails, and he admits that he is. He opens his arms and takes her into them.

CHAPTER SEVEN (continued). A Cry for Strength.

JIM heard Iris laugh softly, and he laughed too, exulting in his strength.

Then she drew back. "You love me, after all!"

"Yes, I love you best."

"And for my sake you'll give up everything?"

He still heard the cries, the shrieks and the curses rising faintly from the Hell civilisation has placed in the midst of Paradise. And for an instant he wavered—he saw, rising like a mist between him and the lips from which he had drunk, the faces of dissolute women, starving children, and broken men; he saw vaguely outlined, Poppy's face, her sad, over-wise eyes, and her cloud of hair; he saw again enacted in the bed-chamber of the dying man, the mean and ugly tragedy—but he had drunk too deeply from the lips so close to his, and love had intoxicated him.

"I'll sacrifice everything for you," he whispered. Again he held her close, until he could hear the beating of her heart and felt the warmth and sweetness of her body.

And the shadow of the embrace was reflected on the blinds, and the old man in the darkness outside saw, and thought he understood. His features relaxed, and he chuckled to himself as he knocked out his pipe.

"Aye, I might have known that it's the woman that always wins in the end . . . There ain't nothin' stronger than a woman—leastways, when the man's young, and her's fashioned like that little maid there."

And, pulling his pouch from his pocket, he rammed another charge of tobacco into his pipe, and strode down the path towards the pier.

If he had waited a little longer he would have seen the shadows on the blind dance to a different tune.

The joy of victory that had shone in Iris' eyes left them; the colour left her cheeks, too.

"I had to know," she said, as she pushed Gascoigne away. "I had to know that I was the only woman, and that I was stronger than you, your conscience, and all your dreams! And now I know, I am content to let you go."

For a moment he was stunned. He looked at her amazed. "But I'm not going! It's too late!"

She smiled, and stretched out her hands to keep him away. "You think you want to stay because I wished you to think so," she said. "I might make you think so for a month, a year, perhaps longer. But when the storms commenced to blow, you would hear Life calling to you from the cities like the wind does from the ocean, and you'd hear breakers thundering in the deep, and God shouting from the skies with His thunder. You would want to leave me, you would curse the chains with which you were fettered. Your secret would rise like a ghost between us! No, you must go now, dear, whilst you are young, whilst you want to go, and whilst you are strong."

He would have stopped her, but she refused to listen. "Go—and quickly, I wish it. I, the woman you love! I tempted you; that was my little victory, and I am content; I want to see you win your great victory . . . I shall wait and watch from this village where we met. Sometimes I shall hear the storm when it rages, and I shall know you are in the thick of it, fighting—fighting, not just for me, nor for your own soul; but for all women and all men. Good-bye . . . I only ask you to remember one thing, that I sent you because I loved you. Go; and God go with you!"

She reached the dog before Gascoigne recovered from his astonishment. He was alone, with her voice still ringing in his ears, with the room still perfumed with her presence.

A handful of seconds crowded into a minute before he knew it; then he opened the door and hurried into the hall. That, too, was empty. Overhead, at the top of the staircase, a light burned. He mounted half-a-dozen stairs, called her by name, and silence answered him.

Through the open window in the corridor a slight breeze drifted with the cool fog; it beat upon his face, cleared his brain, swept aside the perfume that had drugged his soul, and cooled his blood. Very faintly, through the mists beyond the open window, he saw the stars; the fog threatened them but still they shone.

"Iris!" Again he called her name.

But the only answer was the warning cry of a fog-horn out at sea, where the lighthouse held a beacon to the ships that passed in the night. And the warning came to him as to a ship driving through the mists in danger of running on the rocks. And the light, cutting the fog, reminded him of the men who, through storm and shine, tended it.

Not a woman's voice now, but God shouting for him to tend his light-ship in the cities, where men were broken on the rocks of civilisation.

Turning, he descended the stairs quietly, picked up his hat, and left the cottage. Out through the garden where the flowers bowed their heads and filled the night with fragrance; down the path, past the pier and the harbour, to his own room. His dog greeted him, and Gascoigne picked him up in his arms and fondled him.

And when day broke next morning, both the man and his mongrel dog had gone. But the village smiled peacefully in the sunshine, and went about its business as usual. Only one woman, sitting at her bedroom window, watched the sun look over the edge of the cliffs, and saw

the path of gold it made for the man, and knew the need of a world of men for her.

But Straight John whilst he tried to comfort the child whom the sea had long ago given him, his own heart was heavy and full of bitterness and revenge. Jim should pay, and pay heavily, he swore to himself.

But he would bide his time. There was still a year before Jim Gascoigne could use the money he had unlawfully taken, over a year before he could enter the Church. And Straight John knew he had only to wait and strike at the right moment, when Jim would have no choice but to do his bidding, and share the wealth which together they had plotted to obtain.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

Inside "All Saints" and Outside.

It was early May, the temperature varying from thirty-five in the sun to sixty-nine in the shade during the hours of snow, rain, and sunshine allotted by an unmerciful Meteorological Office to that vast area of marshland hidden by houses and streets which we call the metropolis—Christian England's capital.

Gascoigne, striding up Piccadilly, wondered if there ever were a calm Sabbath evening in London. A couple of motor-cars, seven motor omnibuses, and three electric runabouts were tootling their calm way, and a four-horse char-a-banc was rolling slowly up the hill, with steaming horses yearning for a day of rest, and Sabbatarian night-seers singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," to the accompaniment of a concertina.

Gascoigne raised his eyes and stared through the mixture of dust and petrol smoke that drifted in the heavy air, whilst a troubled expression crept into his eyes.

Unconsciously his hand sought the breast-pocket of his coat and felt for a roll of manuscript; his lips parted in a smile as he felt the leaves of his first sermon to the people of London, and he repeated aloud the text his vicar had given him—in preference to the text he had chosen:

"With the jawbone of an ass have I slain a thousand men."

He squared his shoulders, looked at his watch, and then slackened speed. He had been striding up Piccadilly at five miles an hour. Little wonder the people stared at the big parson built like a prize-fighter, with the features, too, of one, who had come to wage war on humanity rather than to save.

His mongrel dog, refusing to be left in the peaceful security of his native village, trotted at Gascoigne's heels, and helped present a picture, which, if unconventional, was not displeasing even to the conventional cockney perspiring beneath the weight of a silk hat and a heavy cloak of respectability.

Jim and Beppo. Twenty-four hours after their arrival in London they had looked into one another's eyes, and in the darkness of the night confessed their secret.

"I bungled once, Beppo—but I'm going to pay for my folly now, and earn forgiveness," the man whispered.

The dog nodded—with his tail—and whined reply: "That's all right, Jim! I guess you've come here to save souls; and I've followed to chase cats! Let's play the game."

The newly-inducted priest from the wilds of Cornwall nodded his head.

"If it were only as easy to save souls as it is to chase cats! You, old man, can pounce boldly on your victim and catch him by the throat—and he's yours! But I must bait a hook with a Truth that's half a lie, and angle once a week for souls that are like Thames trout—mud feeders, only lured with live bait, silver dace, or golden gudgeon."

They had become dangerous characters, Jim and Beppo. Already the police had their eyes on the dog, and the bishops their eyes on the man. Both meant well, of that there was no doubt; but police and bishops are servants of the State, and must watch over the interests of their flock.

London is terribly full of cats and pagans, but the law has laid down certain regulations for the salvation of both, and these regulations have to be obeyed. Jim was in danger of forgetting them. Like the mongrel dog, he was young, keen, and in earnest.

It seemed to the new curate that the motor-cars this Sabbath evening hooted louder than ever; that the horses stumbled and sweated more than usual, and that the youth of London surged in larger crowds around the restaurants, bodegas, and public-houses; that the women filled the pavements with loud frocks and louder laughter as they rattled their little high heels on the stones.

And he remembered the sermon he had read to his astonished vicar on the text, "The greatest of these is Charity." That sermon, his first, had been given to the flames, and, at the vicar's suggestion, he had written another from the text chosen by that good man:

"With the jawbone of an ass . . ."

It was not the original text to which the divine objected, but the curate's method of expounding it—and a great many other things.

"My dear lad, you mean well—but you don't understand! You would preach science, not religion. Study the Old Testament, read the sermons of former divines: beware of originality and too much enthusiasm."

The curate had almost reached the church now. The bells were ringing for service; occasionally their notes were drowned, then they rose clearly above the roar of traffic.

Outside Prince's, Plinney's, the Ritz, and other

A boy is best known by the literature he reads—most of the best boys are SCOUT readers.

restaurants globes of light glared invitations to enter, to drink, and to feast. Outside their doors carriages and motors and jolly cabs disgorged starched shirts and corsets.

Outside the church was darkness. Only through a dozen stained windows pale lights glimmered fitfully, like eyes looking out at the world from a convent. Up and down the pavements the crowd eddied; opposite the church, the doors of Plinney's restaurant opened their arms, and a stream of men and women entered.

The men were of all ages, from the youth fresh from Eton to the faded ancient from Brooke's. The women were without age; without life, too—or they were like Beppo's cats, they possessed nine lives, perhaps.

Jim paused before crossing the road; he looked at God's house and he looked at man's house.

People were entering the church—just a few women, with a sprinkling of men. The women were mostly of middle age; virtue was impaled through the hatpins of their bonnets; some faces were lined by suffering, some by sin. Many had neither suffered nor sinned. They were like the grass in the Roscastle Valley that lived by the clean stream-side, safe from the storms that rocked the cliffs and from the wreckage that filled the harbour-mouth. These men and women were like ships which have never ventured out of sight of land; reaching their journey's end without having seen the ocean.

Whilst struggling past the curate outside Plinney's restaurant were vessels just starting on voyages to unknown seas. Sturdy barques straight from the hands of the builders—from Eton, Harrow, Sherborne, Wellington. And many light boats, skiffs—cutters—canoes—hoisting white and red sails, flying the flag of freedom—some the flag of piratedom.

"Rocks ahead!" Gascoigne longed to shout as he stood watching them on the Piccadilly pavement. It did not matter to him that many of the youths were inebriated, that many of the women, socially, had no existence.

They were human beings. Young blood ran in their veins; happiness, or the reverse of it, beat in their hearts. Infinite possibilities for good or evil lay, like seeds in the earth, buried in their souls.

They were the men and women he wanted in his church. Sinners? Yes, perhaps. Black sheep? Yes, for sure, many of them, even as he!

All people that Christ, when He comes again, will ask into His House to supper, even as He asked them a few thousand years ago by the sea of Galilee.

Someone linked an arm in Gascoigne's and led him across the road. "My dear chap! What are you doing?"

Gascoigne started guiltily and looked up. Lord Middlesex was staring at him through his gold-rimmed glasses.

"What are you doing?" he repeated.

Middlesex was a wealthy patron of All Saints', friend of the vicar, and a churchwarden. He always handed a plate during offertory, and generally made the largest collection.

It is more blessed to give a sovereign to an earl than a crown to a commoner.

"I was thinking," Gascoigne confessed.

"A bad place to think—just outside Plinney's! Don't you know its reputation? Besides, you were staring at a rather over-dressed young lady."

Middlesex hid a man of the world beneath his white waistcoat; he remembered that, years ago, he had been young. The curate acknowledged that he had been staring at a woman; he even dared turn his head as he entered the churchyard, and he noticed that the woman had not entered Plinney's; she was looking at him.

"She has such wonderful eyes!" he said quietly. "And her face seems familiar. I almost think I have met her before. . . . I suppose she's going into Plinney's—"

He was about to suggest that he should ask her to enter the church instead, but he caught sight of the white waistcoat and forebore.

"Young man," Middlesex said solemnly as they parted at the door of the vestry, "don't think too much—in public places; it's dangerous."

Gascoigne nodded.

"You came with a very good character from the Reverend Phillip Barnes, of Roscastle, though I understand you had some family troubles there. I'm an old man, so don't be affronted at my plain speaking. Remember, you're a servant of God, and are here to carry on His work."

Gascoigne stumbled into the vestry and commenced to prepare for service. The choir arrived quickly—clean, unintelligent boys with irreproachable manners and pretty voices. One was a star; he had sung at Covent Garden Opera House. But Gascoigne hardly noticed the choir; he forgot even to speak to Watts, a newly-appointed deacon, who was helping him with the service. Middlesex's words were ringing in his ear:

"Remember that you're a servant of God, and are here to do His work."

And as the organ filled the building with music he blamed himself for not having asked the girl, whose face seemed so familiar to him, to choose God's house instead of Plinney's.

"I've let a soul slip through my hands."

And whilst the youthful deacon read the first lesson the priest again saw a pair of heavy eyes staring at him. They had looked at him at first quizzingly, then appealingly. One of those light boats with a white sail, far out at sea.

The rocks in London are crueller and more dangerous than those on the Cornish coast.

Several times during the service Gascoigne felt the roll of manuscript beneath his vestments; it was his first sermon in London; he was anxious. If he had been allowed to say that which was in his heart, he would have been equally nervous perhaps, but also happy. For he had something to say. But the vicar had bidden him preach.

Searching the faces of the congregation, he knew that the vicar was right. The church resembled a cemetery: each man and woman was a living coffin, wherein rested a dead soul, killed by a too generous diet of Roast Beef and Old Testament.

The starving were outside: those whose hearts were hungry, and whose stomachs were as empty as their brains. Here, in the peaceful church, were subdued lights, sweet incense, and music; here were holy men and women.

Some were weary, for the day had been long and their Sabbath meals heavy; they nodded drowsily, and drowsily made the responses. Some were gouty and rheumatic, and dared not bend the knee; others had wisely provided stools to obviate the discomfort of kneeling.

After all, they had nothing to confess.

What had he to say to them? What were they doing in God's house? He, a sinner, would speak to sinners: not to the righteous!

They had no right there. They had no right to fill the seats and pews that were made for the lost sheep. Two thousand years ago Christ told them that He had not come to help them, but to save the people they despised—drunkards and sinners.

They irritated him, their stolid, virtuous faces came between him and his prayers. Why had they been allowed to fill the church week after week and year after year, muttering the same prayers, thinking the same thoughts, and receiving the same blessings with cheerful regularity? Gascoigne thought of the men and women with whom he had talked in Manchester, the unemployed army: the vast army of the ignorant: the girls who sacrificed girlhood in the factories, and spun their winding sheets as they spun the cotton.

Could not these worthy people in the God's house hear the clamour of the unworthy crowds in their cities?

Outside, in the fashionable London street, men and women were spending Life with reckless extravagance. Throwing lumps of gold into the gutters, selling the bones and brains of an Empire to the first bidder—sometimes giving them away.

Age, leaden and virtuous, knelt in the church, clutching at the skirts of Eternal Life. Youth, golden and priceless, raced through the streets chasing Butterfly Dreams.

Louder rose the laughter from Piccadilly—deeper the curses from Manchester. And calmly pealed the organ in the church:

*"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me!"*

CHAPTER NINE.

Jim's Sermon.

GASCOIGNE raised his eyes from his hymn-book: the music and the boys' voices seemed to filter into silence, and he only heard the last few words of the verse echoing indistinctly in his ears:

"I do not ask to see . . ."

That was the attitude of his congregation, those worthy souls placed under his charge. After all, why should he ask them to see? For two thousand years the Church had cared for nothing but ritual and dogma, until the Bible was merely a book, Christ a name, and religion a musical entertainment for the seventh day.

*"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;"*

They were singing the second verse now, and the music of the boyish voices echoed sweetly in his ears again.

Gascoigne realised that the congregation was joining in the hymn; he turned slightly and looked at the people, fancying that there was a change in their bearing and in their faces. He listened intently, until he could hear individual voices, and he knew they were singing with more fervour than they had prayed. The hymn had stirred them where the prayers had failed.

He felt as if they were singing to him. His heart, which had been cold, warmed towards them. Perhaps they were not all good people; perhaps some of those souls—which, the instant men and women are born into the world, are filched from them and securely nailed into little dogmatic coffins—still lived, and now cried out to be released that they might warm themselves in the light of God's love.

But the hymn was drawing to a close, and Gascoigne slipped his hand inside his surplice and withdrew the manuscript of his sermon.

"And he found the jawbone of an ass . . . and took it and slew a thousand men therewith."

He repeated the text mechanically, and his heart was heavy as he slowly mounted the steps of the pulpit.

The last verse of the hymn was being sung, and it seemed as if every member of the congregation joined in it with heart and soul; a sea of upturned faces shone beneath him.

*"So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;"*

Was it imagination, Gascoigne asked himself, or did he hear voices of women in Piccadilly joining in the hymn? It seemed as if the street had suddenly grown silent, the voice of the traffic was hushed, shrieks and laughter subdued.

Then the last notes of the organ died away; silence filled the building. Gascoigne's heart beat quickly; he felt God's presence, and fear came to him. The fear that brings joy with it; the kind of fear he had often felt when he stood on the cliffs of Roscastle listening to the thunder of the breakers as they boomed their way across the rocks and tore down the rugged island battlements.

His hands trembled on the manuscript before him as he waited for the congregation to settle down; a slight irritation seized him, the people were so long growing quiet. Women rustled their dresses, men scraped their feet as they crossed their legs; there was a coughing, a

spluttering, and blowing of noses. He shot a swift glance through the church, but instead of seeing earnest faces, he saw forests of wagging bonnets and hillocks of bald heads.

They were quiet at last, irritatingly quiet: already the eyes of half the people were closed, as if they intended to sleep; here and there a worshipper held his Bible ready to search for the text. Gascoigne wondered whether he had quoted it correctly.

God gave Samson strength to slay a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass, and Gascoigne offered up a silent prayer to God to give him Samson's strength that he might reach the hearts of perhaps a hundred people with the Carcase of ancient history.

As the nervous eye of an actor unconsciously sweeps his audience, ere the play starts, for a sympathetic eye that will help him give himself whole-hearted to his art, so Gascoigne searched for a sympathetic soul, but found not one.

Silence had settled in the church now, the lights were lowered, and a subtle religious atmosphere filled the air; everything was ready, and everyone waited for him. Yet he hesitated. His lips were locked because his heart was dumb.

"God help me," he whispered. "I am here to do Thy will."

Then someone coughed warningly. Gascoigne recognised the cough; it came from Middlesex—possibly a hint for him to announce his text. Then a shriek of laughter from the street cut his text, like a knife severing rotten fruit. Unholy laughter entering God's house.

He faltered, and one or two of the congregation looked up drowsily and sniffed; an old lady rattled the watch on her chataine as she glanced at the hour, fearful, perhaps, lest his sermon should exceed ten minutes; and one of the churchwardens snapped the case of his forty-guinea gold hunter warningly.

But the new curate of All Saints' had lost his nerve. He was staring across the church towards the great doors; he was staring through the gloom at one man seated in the centre of the church: a man seemingly out of place in that congregation. A rough, weather-beaten seafaring man.

John—Straight John!

(Another big instalment will appear next week.)

RATHER DOUBTFUL.

A few days before Christmas Mr. Jolliboys was not feeling particularly festive, as he had the painful experience of being hauled up before the bench and charged by the police with conducting a lottery at his inn.

There was an entrance fee of sixpence, and the matter was decided with dice, the highest thrower being the winner of a jolly fat goose. Therefore, Mr. Jolliboys felt a bit of a goose himself, and the picture which he conjured up of his eating his Christmas dinner in a lonely cell did not greatly cheer him.

"Did you win anything?" asked the magistrate of one of the witnesses.

"Well, really, I don't know," was the reply. "To tell the truth, I can hardly say."

"Don't talk nonsense," interposed the magistrate, sharply. "Did you, or did you not win the goose?"

"Yes, I suppose I did win it, if it comes to that," was the reluctant answer; "but as five of the disappointed competitors turned up to my house to dinner next day, I am still doubtful if I won anything!"

Christmas Cracker Contest FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Twenty Prizes of Five Shillings Each
and One Hundred Pretty Presents.

HERE is a competition for boys and girls only. There is nothing to pay, and every one of my young readers should try for one of the prizes offered.

The competition is delightfully simple. During the coming Christmas holidays you will, of course, have a good time. There will be parties to go to and plenty of Christmas fun at home. And there will be Christmas crackers, and that is where this competition comes in.

As you know, every Christmas cracker has a picture on the outside; some have pictures of boys and girls, some have pictures of birds and animals and trees. I want you to collect these "scraps," as they are called, and when you have got sufficient, to make one picture with them.

This is how you do it: First take a piece of white paper about half the size of *Pearson's Weekly*, that is, eleven inches wide by seven inches deep, and on this you will paste your scraps. We will say that one of your scraps shows four or five birds flying about. This you would paste on your paper near the top to show the birds were in the sky. Next, perhaps, you might have a donkey and another scrap showing a little boy or girl. You might paste the boy on the donkey's back to show he was having a ride. Then, perhaps, one of your scraps might show a little house. You would paste this towards the back of your picture to show that it was in the distance. And if you had a scrap showing a little dog, this you would paste showing him trotting beside his little master on the donkey's back. This is just one example of a picture you might make out of your scraps.

To each of the twenty boys and girls from whom I receive what I consider to be the best pictures will be awarded a prize of five shillings, and to the hundred boys and girls whose pictures come next in order of merit I will give a nice little present.

So as to give you plenty of time you needn't send your pictures along till January 5th, and they must be addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 17 Henrietta Street, London W.C., and should be marked "CRACKER" in the top left-hand corner.

Resourceful, smart and orderly, your sons will surely grow,
By giving them THE SCOUT each week—'twill keep them on the go.

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

AT HIS OWN RISK.

CALLER (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye): "I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening, and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come."

Manager of Company: "Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home."

TOMMY (after a long, lingering survey of his uncle, who lost an arm and a leg while fighting for his country): "Is that why you are on half-pay, uncle?"

PECKEM: "You are not married yet, are you?"
Youngbach: "No; but I'm engaged, and that's as good as being married."
Peckem: "It's a whole lot better, if only you knew."

FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.

THE old gentleman who was always declaring that boys were not what they used to be stopped in front of the smart child.

"Well, Tommy," greeted the old gentleman, "how are you to-day?"

"Very well, sir," responded the smart child shyly.

"And do you ever think what you are going to do when you are a great big man?"

"N—no, sir."

"Ah, I knew it. Children are so shiftless these times. And why don't you give it any thought?"

"B—because I am a little girl, sir."

And the last seen of the inquisitive old gentleman, he was making long strides down the avenue.

"Pa, what is a political leader?"

"A man who is able to see which way the crowd is going, and follows with loud whoops in that direction."

He (just proposed, refused): "If you do not love me, and will not accept me, why do you accept my chocolates?"

She: "I love chocolates."

FINE NEW VARIETY.

A CERTAIN individual, residing in a suburb of London, having been out of work for some time, thought it was time to be doing something, as his savings were running very low.

One morning, therefore, he went up to Covent Garden Market, with the intention of buying some watercress, and hawking it in the streets. On getting there, he was informed that there was none left, but plenty of turnip-radishes, the little red and white ones.

After buying a basketful, he betook himself back to his native district.

In the meantime, however, he had forgotten the name of the article he was about to hawk. His ingenuity came to his aid. Raising his hand to the side of his mouth in the orthodox costermonger fashion, he bellowed:

"Fine fresh watercress—wiv nobb on!"

BOOK CANVASSEER: "Good morning! Are you the lady of the house?"

Bridget: "I'm wan o' thim."

Mrs. DUNLEIGH: "It is very singular that your mother always happens to call on me when I am out."

Little Flossie Dimpleton: "Oh, we can see from our window whenever you go away."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

A GREAT General was taking his regiment into action. He sent forward a detail of men to make gaps in a rail fence to avoid the heavy loss sure to result if the whole body of men paused to tear it down.

The coolest and finest man in the detail was a young soldier who had never been under fire before. When he began pulling down the fence he fancied he had disturbed a nest of hornets, as he thought he heard them singing fiercely about his ears. But the lad was not going to run from hornets when there was more serious business ahead.

Ignoring the angry insects, he opened the fence and rejoined the regiment without being stung.

In a day or two he was surprised to hear that he was to be promoted.

"But," he said, modestly, "I don't think I deserve promotion over the others."

"My boy," replied the general, "I saw you pull down that fence. You were the coolest man under fire I ever saw!"

The man gasped, stared, and turned pale.

"What!" he exclaimed, regardless of grammar.

"Was them wasps bullets?"

APPEARANCES WERE DECEPTIVE.

A FARM labourer once spied an escaped parrot sitting on a cottage roof. It was the first time he had ever seen such a bird, and, getting a ladder, he proceeded to climb up after the unknown treasure.

But when he reached the roof the parrot flapped a wing at him, and sternly demanded, "What d'ye want?"

There was a pause, then the labourer touched his cap, and stammered out, "I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you was a bird."

TEACHER: "If you are kind and polite to your playmates, what will be the result?"

Scholar: "They'll think they can lick me!"

SHE: "It certainly must mean something when a man puts a diamond ring on a girl's finger?"

He (of bitter experience): "It often means that he owes some jeweller fifteen to twenty pounds."

THEY MADE A MISTAKE.

A DIGNIFIED country rector interested himself in getting places in London for little workhouse girls of fourteen, belonging to his parish.

Having satisfactorily placed one of his protégés with the family of a small tradesman in the East-end as a general servant, he wrote a kind note to the child a few months later, to say he would be coming up to town shortly, and would call to see how she was getting on.

To his surprise and bewilderment, he received this curt reply:

"Honoured Sir,—Emily Bates is very sorry, and should be pleased to see you, but no followers is allowed."

GOOD CAUSE FOR FEAR.



Old Woman (to engine driver): "Do ye think there'll be a collision to-day?"

Engine Driver: "I hope not. What makes you ask?"

Old Woman: "Well ye see, I'm taking a basketful of eggs to town, an' I don't want 'em broken."

TROUBLE IN STORE FOR JOHN.

Mrs. FREENZE: "Why, what are you crying about?"

Mrs. Newwedde: "Well, you know John is away from home for a week on business."

"Yes."

"He writes that he gets out my photo and k—k—kisses it every day."

"Well, that's surely nothing for you to cry about."

"Yes, it was just for a joke; I took my picture out of his bag before he started, and put one of m—m—mother's in its place."

"WERE you carefully brought up, my lad?" asked the merchant of the applicant for a situation.

"Please, sir, yes, sir; I came up in the lift, sir," said the respectful youth.

NOT A MORTUARY.

IN the more modest walks of his calling, the tradesman is not distinguished by enterprise or striking originality; but occasionally we do see an advertising legend which denotes profound wit in its creator.

Bill Jones, the cobbler, for instance, has just christened his establishment, "The Boot Hospital."

A customer of a kindred lightsome spirit brought him a pair of boots which would have disgraced a tramp.

"Shouldn't 'ave these mended, if I was you," said Jones severely.

"I should present them to the deservin' pore."

"But I want them mended," was the reply. "This is supposed to be a hospital for boots, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a 'ospital, all right enough, but it ain't a mortuary!"

HE SUITED.

"Do you want a boy, sir?" asked the applicant.

"Nobody," replied the merchant prince austere, "wants a boy."

"Do you need a boy, sir?"

"Nobody needs a boy."

"Do you have to have a boy, sir?" said the applicant.

"I fear we do."

"I'm him," said the applicant, removing his jacket. "What do I do first?"

"MARRIAGE is like a tramcar."

"How so?"

"Because some people are just as anxious to get out, as others are to get in."

"Do you think Bliggins would make a good husband?" asked the conscientious youth.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the girl in surprise.

"Because if you think such a fool as Bliggins could manage it, I have a good mind to take a chance myself."

THOUGHT IT WAS THE WASHING.

AN old man once visited his daughter Mary. She had antimacassars on the backs of all her chairs. While sitting by the window the old man caught sight of the parson coming to the house.

As his daughter went to open the door, the old man snatched all the antimacassars and threw them under the sofa.

After the parson had gone, he said to his daughter:

"Oh, Mary, I am glad I was able to get all your washing out of the way before the parson came in."

"Mrs. BARKLEY, are you familiar with 'Songs without words'?"

"Oh, yes—quite! Mr. Barkley frequently sings them when he comes home early in the morning!"

"THAT man will never forget his first and only love."

"And who may that be?"

"Himself."

WHERE HE SCORED.

IT was the annual football fight between the local hairdressers and the police, and a deficiency of four good goals at half-time suggested that the men in blue were in for a bad beating.

"You ain't half playin', man," scoffed a noisy spectator to a member of the force, who was vainly trying to urge the mud-coated sphere towards the opposite goal.

"I've seen you get away from a street row a jolly sight quicker than you're travelling now."

"You just hold your noise a bit," replied the policeman, frowning darkly. "I shall be meetin' you out late some night when you're toddlin' home, and you'll find then that, if I'm no good at runnin' a ball into goal, I'm pretty clever at running a bawler into goal!"

"Ah, Mr. Flitter, I hear you have got into your new house! Are you all settled yet?"

Mr. Flitter: "All except the rent!"

MR. KID: "How does that shoe feel?"

Mrs. Kid: "I really cannot say, but if it feels half as uncomfortable as my foot feels, I can sympathise with it."

WANTED—AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

AN old lady the other day dropped into the local registry office.

"Now," remarked she to the youthful attendant in charge, "I am in want of a good servant."

Remember, she must be able to scrub and clean, a good needlewoman, and fond of children; she must be able to bake and brew, to make butter and cheese; must wait on table, and be capable of taking charge of the silver; must clean the knives and forks, and polish the boots and shoes, and make the beds, brush the carpets, and clean the windows; she must be a thorough cook—in fact, must be able to turn her hand to anything. Also I shall require her to feed the fowls, and look after the parrot, give the guinea-pigs their food, and keep an eye on the tame magpie, as well as—"

"Do you happen to keep a dog, mum?" gasped the youth in charge, at this juncture.

"No. Why do you ask?" demanded the elderly maiden, angry at being interrupted.

"Because, 'm, we have one domestic on our books who I think would suit you; but she adds that it is her determination not to take any situation unless among the scheduled duties is included that of washing and cleansing a white King Charles spaniel dog once a week. But as you have intimated that you do not keep any members of the canine family, I am afraid I can do nothing for you."

Paragraph: The shades of night were falling fast as through an Alpine village passed a youth.
Changelet: The blinds of night were falling fast as through his sweetheart's window glanced a youth.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



The Right Hand of Rupert Carrington

A Splendid Dramatic Story.

By CHRIS. SEWELL.

THE woman stood with one foot on the grass plot and the other on the gravel walk. Amazement robbed her alike of power to proceed and of her originality; she fell back on the well-worn formula of drama.

"You here?" she whispered.

The man—he was about thirty, and his handsome eyes were eager—threw away his cigarette and advanced with outstretched hands.

"I might return the compliment," he said, and then stopped and laughed. "Are you—you're not a relation of Genge's?"

An untranslatable expression flickered for a moment across the woman's face, and gave it an odd, unnatural look.

"Yes," she told him; "that's it, I am a relation."

Doctor Carrington stared. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but somehow—"

"Well?"

"Oh, it can't matter—telling you. He isn't anything more than a connection by marriage, I suppose."

"No, that's all; just a connection by marriage," she agreed slowly.

"I thought as much. What I was about to say is that it seems so strange to think of you in the same week with 'Sack' Genge."

"Is that what they call him?"

"Yes, out of compliment to the self-raising flour, you know, in which he made his million."

"Why does it seem odd to think of me in connection with him?"

"He's such a little bounder, Gena. I don't mind saying this, because you must have seen it, and you're an aristocrat to your finger-tips. I've no business to begin criticising him, but now I've got you again, everything comes tumbling out. You could hypnotise me at any moment into telling you my inmost thoughts, I believe."

She smiled very gravely. "Apparently I haven't yet hypnotised you into telling me why you are here," she said.

"Oh, that's obvious enough," he answered. "I imagined you knew. In fact, when I saw you coming round the corner of the shrubbery, I jumped to the conclusion that Genge had sent for you and Colonel Brodie—he's such excellent company, isn't he?—to keep things going, and hearten him for to-morrow. That's why I asked if you were any relation."

"To-morrow?" she asked rather breathlessly. "What happens to-morrow?"

Dr. Carrington in his turn looked equally puzzled. "It isn't possible that—that you've come unexpectedly after all, and don't know that Genge undergoes to-morrow one of the most serious operations that has ever been performed in this unenterprising country?"

It couldn't be his imagination—no, it certainly was not. The woman had gone very pale. He had thought her looking delicate when she appeared, now she seemed near fainting.

She reached out a hand and touched his arm.

"I knew nothing of it," she said in an odd voice.

"I did come—unexpectedly. Tell me, Rupert," she appeared to use his Christian name quite unconsciously, and not as though she had meant to do so, "are you the operator?"

"Yes. Genge heard of me in connection with Lord Metcalfe's case—no other Englishman would undertake it."

"Is it so very serious?"

Dr. Carrington shrugged his shoulders, then he stretched out his little right hand. "If that shakes to-morrow," he said, "ever so little, Genge's wife—he's a plucky beggar, won't have her back till it's all over—will be the wealthiest woman in Great Britain."

"But it won't shake!" Her voice was a command.

"No."

"But if it did, no one could blame you," she said, almost as if speaking to herself.

"Not a soul. Genge knows the risk, and he's willing to take it. Now, Gena, let's forget him for a bit and talk about ourselves. There's more than chance in our crossing each other's paths again like this."

Rupert Carrington had dropped his voice from the level of the professional key in which he had discussed "Sack" Genge's chances of life and death, to one of eager, caressing tenderness. He and Gena Brodie had been lovers two years ago, but her father—a retired and impecunious Colonel—had refused to listen to the young doctor's pleading till Gena was of age. "You are neither to see each other nor correspond for two years," he had commanded, "and then if this silly boy and girl affair has stood the test, and you are both of the same mind, come to me again."

In those two years Rupert Carrington had paid court to a more capricious lady than Gena Brodie, and had won her reluctant smiles. And that lady was Fame.

"We have met without any design of our own," he went on; "the two years are up to-morrow—had you remembered?"

the courage, just as I never had the courage to write it." She hesitated.

"For the love of Heaven—write what? Tell me what?" he asked, and the sudden pressure of his fingers upon her arm and the deadly pressure upon her heart, seemed insupportable and past all bearing.

"He—'Sack' Genge," she whispered. "Don't you understand? He's my husband!"

The doctor fell away from her, and the low, bitter cry he gave was that of an animal wounded unto death.

"That man!" he cried furiously, "and you, of all people, for you let me believe—"

"Hush!" she entreated. "Oh, Rupert, it's bad—Heaven knows!—a hideous agony of badness, but I'm not as vile as you think. Let me tell you now, while I can!"

He nodded sullenly.

"Father lost money," she began quickly, "soon after we parted. A big speculation failed. He went to Monte Carlo to retrieve it, he said, and lost more. And then Henry Genge—he was at Monte Carlo, too—lent him big sums; and father gave him promissory notes and couldn't pay."

She stopped, for the miserable tightening of her throat prevented further speech.

"I see," the man broke in, and his heel came upon a harmless pansy that reared its head at the side of the walk, and ground it to pulp. "You were the price."

"What could I do?" she asked. "He, father, threatened to destroy himself unless I yielded. But, oh! Rupert, I have suffered!"

Something in her tone brought his eyes back to her face. He read history there.

"What?" he asked below his breath, "is he worse than a bounder?"

She nodded dumbly. "I could have borne that," she said, after a silence which seemed to the man at her side to be charged with unnameable horrors; "but there are other things—drink! Oh, yes; haven't you noticed? It's been horrible. Do you know why he sent me away?"

"No."

"Lest he should see the hope dawn in my eyes when he had to confess to a dangerous malady. I see it all now. He expected to be convalescent by the time I returned."

"Why did you come back like this?"

"I had no choice. The mother of my hostess died suddenly—she was sent for. To stay on was impossible—Captain Charnway is young and good-looking, and Henry is bitterly jealous. Hush, what was that? I must go now, Rupert."

It was only, after all, the wind among the trees; but like a frightened hare she had gone—Gena, his Gena, who used to fear nothing in Heaven or on earth.

He turned back to the grass plot, the square, velvet grass-plot over which an old sundial stood sentinel, and around which zinnias and dahlias rose in a riot of glorious colour. Up and down he paced—up and down, his numb brain trying to cope with the immensity of it all.

Gena—Queen Gena, as he used to call her, the woman he had worshipped, she for whose sake all women were shadows, in the clutch of a pure-proud parvenu, tied for life to a cad and a brute—for life, aye, that was it!

Suddenly the muscles of Rupert Carrington's face became very tense. His teeth closed upon his lower lip till they forced a spot of blood. It trickled slowly down his clean-shaven chin, and gave him a strangely savage look. Once more he held his firm, shapely right hand out before him. He surveyed it critically—the long, sensitive fingers that had worked such wondrous miracles in the world of surgery.

His own words leapt suddenly to his brain—so suddenly and so pertinaciously that it sounded as if some mocking voice had uttered them in his ears. "If that shakes to-morrow, shakes ever so little, Genge's wife will be the richest widow in Great Britain."

And if it did shake, who would be any the wiser?

There was no one to challenge his skill, for he was alone in this particular branch. As in the case of Lord Metcalfe, not another surgeon would undertake the task. The patient, outsider and brute that he was, yet possessed a certain rough courage. He knew that the probabilities of his finishing to-morrow at all were quite evenly balanced, and yet he did not shrink. After all—

A noise in the shrubbery that was not the wind, snapped asunder the doctor's train of reflection and made him look up sharply. A short, stumpy man dressed in blue serge, with shifty eyes and an unwholesome bluish face, had emerged into the open. It was Genge.

Rupert had recommended that he should employ his mind with light reading or wandering round the grounds. He had taken Rupert at his word.

"Can't settle," he said, and a hoarse, uneasy laugh succeeded his words. "You feel the same, perhaps. 'Ow would you like to see the mills? I've ordered out the Panhard. It'll take up twenty minutes or so, and it's quite a sight—quite a sight."

"Yes," she said again, and added in a whisper, "Heaven forgive me!"

Rupert Carrington's face changed. His sensitive mouth quivered—the glad light died out of his eyes.

"Why do you say that?" he asked sharply.

Gena's face had gone suddenly thin and haggard. She seemed in a few minutes to have dropped from the pinnacle of youth into the pit of age. Her fingers twisted nervously in the folds of her white gown.

"Don't you understand?" she whispered. "I wanted to tell you at once, only I hadn't the courage to write it."

The doctor dropped his right hand with a guilty jerk. His face paled, then he pulled himself together.

"Good idea," he said; "I understand you've got quite a town out there, and I've never seen anything more modern than the windmill of the dark ages. Taken that dose I prescribed?"

"Yes."

"Well, come along. You're looking quite—quite fit, you know."

"I am, am I?"

"Of course you are," Rupert said it irritably, almost angrily.

"Well, I've got the jim-jams now the thing's comin' close," Genge admitted. "The notion of being snuffed out like a candle, and that's quite on the cards as you and I know, ain't exhilarating."

"Give up the idea, then," said Rupert with sudden frenzied earnestness. "It's an awful risk, a terrible risk; I don't mince matters."

The mill-owner stared. "But it gives me my only loophole," he said, "doesn't it?"

"Yes."

Genge jammed his stubby hands deep into his pockets: his lower lip protruded unpleasantly.

"I want to live," he said obstinately, "I—I want 'ealth badly. I don't mind telling you, Carrington—I didn't let on before, for reasons of my own—I've married one of your bloomin' fine ladies, 'igh born, you know, and she looks down on me like the dust under 'er feet. Oh, she don't show it, she's too well bred for that; but I guess it, bless your soul, an' I want to live, an' I want me health to break her spirit, and teach 'er what's doo to the man who saved her precious father from disgrace—see?"

Rupert did see with a preternaturally astonishing clearness of vision—it almost led him to tell the man who spoke to the earth.

And he, Rupert Carrington, was under compact to help to teach Gena what "was doo" to Gena's husband. It was infamous—unthinkable!

"Supposing I refuse to take the risk?" he said in a low, tense voice; "I could, you know."

The "Sack" stared at him. "I don't know how the law stands in such matters," he said with a laugh; "but anyway, if money could wake it up, we'd set the machinery going, an' pretty lively, too; but you always will have your joke, Carrington."

He took the doctor's arm as he spoke, and led him along the drive to the snorting and puffing Panhard which awaited them.

"Ha, ha!" he said, "I'd find a way to spoil that reputation of yours, doctor, if you played a trick like that, if I 'ad to mortgage the mills an' every blessed screw in the place to do it. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Rupert, and, even to his own strained senses his mirth seemed to partake of the nature of the hilarity that is generally confined to padded rooms.

Upon Rupert Carrington's surging brain the talk of "high milling" versus "flat milling," or "archimedian screws," or "coarse sharps," "fine pollard," and "long bran," fell like water-drops upon a red-hot iron. He answered mechanically where an answer seemed needed.

But Genge was in his own element now, and he held the conversational reins with heavy but sure fingers.

They had wandered, so it seemed to Rupert, round worlds of whirling, lumbering machinery.

Genge, forgetting the morrow in the clean, parental pride of the inventor, was firmly anchored before one of his own particular mills, the one which had made his name famous.

All at once the doctor came to himself, the place and conversation took definite form before him.

His eyes watched the big, toothed rollers in their rhythmic journey with a feverish fascination. "It's an absolute study," he exclaimed excitedly—"an exact science. Your mechanical genius will one day rival his Creator and make something that talks and thinks. He advanced his right hand with a sudden rapid, wary movement. "Now that—" he began, bending towards the whizzing wheels, "that is—" And then, upon the creaking and whirling of machinery broke the cry that is more terrible than death and shriller than despair itself. But it did not come from the lips of Rupert Carrington—no, it did not come from his lips, even though he looked with the fixed smile of the distraught at the jagged, ruddy stump from which a piece of rough bone protruded hideously, and where a minute before his right hand had been.

The cry came from "Sack" Genge. "You fool," he shrieked. "Oh, you awful fool!"

The power of the miracle-worker was gone for ever—it was not for the doctor's sake that Genge cried.

The disease to which Henry Genge succumbed was mercifully quick and more painless than the doctors had predicted. He lived for two years. At the end of three years Rupert Carrington came back from Australia.

He did not marry the "richest widow in Great Britain," for that rôle was never allotted to Gena Genge.

Her husband left her three hundred a year, and the bulk of his wealth to a distant cousin.

But he married a widow who is as proud of the stiff false hand with its unyielding gloved fingers, as though it had brought with it public honour and the Victoria Cross.

"HEAR me, dearest," implored the young man. "I'm all on fire."

"Well," replied the sweet girl. "I'll call papa to put you out."

LOUIE: "Uncle, what's chagrin?"

Uncle: "Well, it's what a stout man feels when he runs his hardest, and jumps on a tram-car that doesn't start for half-an-hour."

Life's battle is a hard one, your boys will find that out;
But corners rough are smoothed for them if they stick to THE SCOUT.

THERE is a variety of opinion regarding the effect of smoking tobacco, but eminent medical authorities have come to the conclusion that tobacco possesses no harmful qualities when used in reasonable quantities by ordinary individuals.

It is interesting to know the effect of tobacco in health and disease. It

appears that smoking has a double action in the case of adults; it stimulates the brain to increased activity, and, in addition, it produces a soothing effect in conditions of excitement. It is very probable that the stimulating effect upon mental activity is due partly to the local irritant action of smoke upon the mouth, this causing a reflex dilatation of the vessels which supply the brain.

The value of tobacco as a sedative is partly due to the necessity of breathing rhythmically during the action of smoking, and partly due to the soothing effect of watching the smoke as it issues from the lips. The effect is greatly augmented when the smoke is ejected in the form of rings.

The consequences of excessive smoking are a dizziness and stupor, a trembling of the limbs and hands, and a disturbance of the nerve centres, and of the circulation, which is shown by the palpitation which follows a slight effort, and the feeble pulse.

As a matter of fact, nicotine is a very small factor for evil, and some investigators deny that it exists in the tobacco smoke at all. There is little doubt that the harmful effects of smoking are due mainly to the action of carbon monoxide, a deadly insidious gas, which is always present in cases of incomplete combustion; it has neither taste nor odour. In a recent analysis of cigarette smoke it was proved that carbon monoxide accounted for nearly half the volume of the smoke, which also contains small quantities of prussic acid and various injurious alkaloids.

It has been established beyond all doubt that smoking is very injurious in the case of people suffering from various kinds of weakness.

Murderers are generally non-smokers. So far there is no recorded instance of any violent crime being committed by a man with a pipe, cigar, or cigarette in his mouth. It appears as if the most peaceful crime could not be committed while a man is smoking.

Most smokers consume their tobacco far too rapidly for adequate enjoyment. The best way to prevent the abuse of tobacco is to smoke slowly.

A leading Belgian has stated that it takes him

To train a boy for the Bar, the Army, the Navy, or the Church costs a lot of money. So much that no poor man, unless his boy be a genius who pays his own expenses with scholarships, can hope to fit his son for one of these careers. To become a farmer one must have capital. Surveying, architecture, accountancy, medicine, engineering, all these professions and many others are barred to the boy whose parents cannot put up from £200 to £1,000 to educate him and keep him till he can pass his examinations, and begin to earn a salary.

But these callings are not the only ones in which little fortunes may be earned. If the boy is not too proud, he might turn costermonger. The income earned by the successful costermonger would amaze those who are not in the know. At a recent meeting at one of our Borough Councils it was stated that a coster paid £500 a year for his pitch!

There is a costermonger who has a greengrocery stall just off the Commercial Road whose savings, invested in house property, bring him in a clear 30s. a week. This business was started thirty years ago in High Street, Wandsworth, with a capital of 5s. Plenty of costers make incomes of £4 a week.

A newspaper stall is good business if carefully worked up. The man who for so many years sold papers and periodicals at the stall adjoining Burlington House made gross profits of £850 a year. He took as much as £18 in a day, and received £300 a year for exhibiting contents bills.

The taxicab offers something better than a living. Numbers of drivers are buying their own cabs. The price is £350, complete, with lamps and horn. The men pay £66 down, and afterwards £5 a week. The takings average pretty well £2 a day, so a man can make a good living, even while he is paying for his vehicle.

Of course, he has his tyre, petrol, and repair bill to think of, but even so he should have 30s. to £2 weekly for his own keep.

Fortunes are to be made on fair grounds, and the capital required, apart from a glib tongue and a clear head, is small. The chief outlay is for the rent of a pitch. This will be 6d. a day per square foot—say, 30s. a week. But the profits are vast.

Pills bought wholesale at 3d. a pound sell for six a



Some Interesting Facts for Smokers Young and Old.

competitions have been held in which it has been nothing unusual for a pipe to last an hour and a half. In the case of a cigar-smoking competition, the prize-winner smoked his cigar for seventy-five minutes.

The smoking of tobacco is not so injurious as that of other herbs. In the fashionable world it is quite common for ladies to smoke cigarettes made of certain blends of tea. The effect of tea-smoke upon the nerves is very disastrous.

It is a very fascinating vice, however; while under the influence of the tea-smoke the smoker experiences an entrancing sense of exhilaration, dreaming the most delightful dreams, and enjoying the most lovely visions.

One of the most dangerous substances to smoke is "hashish." This is largely smoked in Egypt, and about 20 per cent. of the patients admitted to the lunatic asylums suffer from insanity due to it.

Although the price of "hashish" is very high, in Egypt there is a very large demand. The manner of smoking is to place in each "goz," or pipe, a piece weighing about two grains, together with some charcoal. This is then passed round eight customers, and sometimes even twelve, each of whom pays a small sum for a long pull.

Few cigar-smokers know the significance of the various words which are stamped on the lid and sides of a cigar-box. Each word has an especial meaning, the terms being actually descriptive of the cigar, and not fancy names. The word on the lid is the name of the cigar, while the front of the box describes the shape and size.

Such words as Conchas, Reina, Regalias denote the shape, while Perfecto, Infantes, Princesses signify the size. Those on the back of the box where the lid turns over state the quality of the cigar, the terms on the descending scale being Superfine, Flor Fina, Superior, and Bueno.

The words on the right hand side, or end of the box, denote the colour of the cigar. Claro signifies the lightest coloured; Colorado Claro, rather darker; Colorado, dark; Colorado Maduro, darker; Maduro, very dark; Oscuro, extremely dark; Negro, darkest.

three hours and seven minutes to go through one pipe. At this rate only four pipes would be smoked a day. This authority states that a pipe will last three hours if filled in a particular way—that is, loosely at the bottom, firmly in the middle, and loosely again at the top.

In this country various competitions have been held in which it has been nothing unusual for a pipe to last an hour and a half. In the case of a cigar-smoking competition, the prize-winner smoked his cigar for seventy-five minutes.

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penny. Ballads costing 2s. a gross are sold at a penny each. Little knick-knacks made in Germany are purchased wholesale at 1s. a dozen, and sold for 6d. apiece.

If your ideas soar above the keeping of a stall, the claims of such a calling as that of steeplejack are worth considering. Most boys

have naturally good heads, and only practise is necessary to acquire perfect composure at any height. There is only one essential deprivation. A steeplejack must not drink, and should not smoke.

The pay, compared with that of an ordinary mason or bricklayer, is good.

Marine engineering is another profession which has its attractions for the boy with a mechanical turn of mind and only small capital. The necessary expenses are those of premium and apprenticeship to an engineer in some foundry or ironworks. The boy serves four or five years, and should then get a berth as "improver" in the shop of a firm which builds and repairs marine engines.

At the age of about twenty, he applies to a ship-owning firm for a fourth engineer's billet, at which he gets from £5 to £7 a month. No examination is required, only certificates of apprenticeship, and a couple of testimonials.

The hard-working, capable youngster will rise to chief engineer at £15 to £25 a month, and if he eventually obtains a berth on a big liner, he may even draw £30 a month. The plum of the marine engineering profession is a superintendency ashore. Here the salary varies from £300 to £1,000 a year.

A craftsman who earns a better income than most who work with their hands is the cotton spinner. According as he spins coarse, medium, or fine counts, he earns from £2 10s. to £3 5s. a week.

The boy begins as a piecer, first a "junior," then a "big" piecer. This work continued over several years gives him the opportunity to save capital sufficient to obtain "a pair of wheels" of his own. To attain the coveted position he is, however, required to invest about £200 in the mill.

Of course, there are scores of well-paid professions which are not open to everyone, but only to those who have special qualifications, and it is sad to consider how few boys ever get the chance of going in for the career for which they are best fitted.

What the World owes Grumblers

By Our Pet Pessimist

I WONDER if those men who grumble and complain about most things are, after all, merely cute, far-seeing individuals who grumble with a distinct personal object in view? From what I can gather, it looks rather like it, and my personal experience backs it up.

Just lately, as an example, my wife gave a small party, and one of the persons invited was a chronic grumbler, one of the real old crusted kind. When our guests arrived, what did my wife do? She proceeded to pay this grumbling guest every attention—he got the easiest chair to sit in; was he comfortable? he was everything to his liking? and so on. And, moreover, I observed that most of the other guests gave him a deal of attention, particularly the ladies.

Those persons who do not grumble, and are easily pleased, receive little or no attention beyond the conventional, but the chronic grumbler is waited on hand and foot, so to speak—nothing is too good for him, and, no matter where he is, he always scores.

Then, again, the chronic grumbler invariably gets the best service and attention in any restaurant where he is a well-known customer—waiters well know if they offend him an adverse report to the "governor" is certain to follow, with a blowing up as a result.

His Effect at the Railways.

Therefore, it behoves them to give any such customer the closest attention, and make as certain as possible that he finds no reason for complaint.

The grumbling man on the railway station platform, too, has his luggage looked after as no other ordinary passenger's is; he acts in such a way that porters grasp the fact that, if they do not have a care, a complaint will be lodged at headquarters, and no one can tell how that might affect them in the end, so they take good care that such a passenger is well looked after—porters know that sort of man very well.

But quite apart from the benefit which the grumbler derives from his grumbling, does not he confer many benefits on his fellow-men? If you go into matters you will find that, without the chronic grumbler, the lines of our daily lives would not be laid in such pleasant places, for it is a positive fact that most of the beneficial reforms that take place are effected by the chronic grumbler and his confrères.

It is the grumbler who keeps our town councils going straight; it is he who manages to get an iniquitous tax removed; he keeps the railway companies up to the scratch in the way of keeping carriages in a state of cleanliness, and in running trains at suitable times.

Obtains Post Office Concessions.

Then the Post Office—consider how we would be under the heel of that institution were it not for the persistent grumbler who, through constant complaint, brings about those little concessions which mean so much to the man in the street.

The grumbler, again, not infrequently obtains favours for a whole community. A case in point: a Scottish landowner has a magnificent estate, and beautiful grounds and gardens—he did not admit the public to these places without a pass, which had to be presented at one of the lodge gates. That went on for years, and was accepted as the rule in the locality.

But note what happened. Along one day came a chronic grumbler; he came to the gates, and had a fancy to pass inside; he was told that, without an order, he could not be admitted. The grumbler went his way, but within a few days wrote a long letter of complaint to the landowner in question, pointing out that grounds and gardens such as he possessed ought to be freely open to the public, and that he had no right to keep any respectable person out of them.

He Keeps Down Taxation.

That did no good, but the grumbler kept at it, and to-day those grounds and gardens are open to any member of the public who chooses to visit them, and no permit is necessary.

And grumblers are obtaining favours for you this very day; they are busy working for you, indirectly no doubt, but working all the same, and the man in the street never gives them so much as a thought. All the same, the man in the street would not be so comfortable if there were no chronic grumblers; for one thing, nearly everything he purchases in shops would cost him more if the grumbler were extinct, for the grumbler keeps down prices, and keeps down taxation as well.

It would, indeed, be a pretty poor country, this, but for the discontented man; our grandest reforms are entirely due to him, and some of our finest institutions have been set on their feet through his agency. So do not condemn the grumbler, but give him that meed of praise which he undoubtedly merits.



Careers Built on Small Capital.

We cannot all write serials, but we can express an opinion upon them. What yours is of "The Priest."

Let us know on a postcard

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



A Jewelled Matchmaker

A Charming Little Romance of a Ring.

"Now, Jack, what is the trouble?" demanded Miss Mary Russell, walking up to her brother's chair from behind and placing her hands affectionately upon his shoulders. "Don't you think I have a right to know?" she added, bending over his right shoulder so that her head nestled coarsely near to his.

Jack Russell tapped lightly on the table with his left hand; it was an uneasy tap, and he remained silent.

They had been chums, this brother and sister, ever since they left boarding school, and they were now twenty-five and twenty-three. Mary was the older of the two. Jack had had no secrets from her and now—well, it is no easy matter to tell a sister who has been wrapped up in you that you have fallen in love with a strange girl!

Mary waited for a few seconds, and then, with just the trace of a quiver in her voice, she said:

"You need not be afraid, Jack! I think I can guess!"

Jack Russell rose from his chair and confronted her, his face betraying a curious mingling of relief and doubt.

"How did you guess, Mary? However could you have found out that I was—I mean that I am—in love with Dora Hallam? You girls are so keen-witted!"

"If I were not so fond of my brother I should call him a goose!" declared Mary with a smile. "I did not know that it was Dora Hallam until this minute, but I knew that you were in love with someone, because you have not been like yourself of late and you have gone out more on your own account, leaving me to my own devices, which is unusual. Tell me all about it, and who is Dora Hallam?"

Jack Russell stared, frowned, and finally laughed. He had betrayed his secret and had given his sister credit for more perspicacity than she could reasonably claim.

"Sit down, Jack, and tell me all about it," she smilingly commanded. "I'm dying to hear."

"And you won't mind?" he inquired dubiously.

"Oh no," she replied with assumed lightness. "Perhaps I can help you in your trouble."

They seated themselves and Jack made a clean breast of it. Dora Hallam lived with a masculine relative—her father or uncle—on the other side of London; that is, she lived in Ealing and the Russells lived at Hampstead.

Jack had seen her several times while on his way to give music lessons at a large school and had fallen in love, although he had never had a chance of speaking to her. He had arrived at the point where he realized that he had met his affinity, as he called her, but he could see no way of ascertaining the state of her feelings towards him. He was convinced that she would respond to his advances if an opportunity offered. How could he obtain that opportunity?

"And that's my trouble," he concluded. "Can you suggest anything?"

Mary Russell sat with puckered brow, staring straight into space.

"I haven't seen her drop anything," said Jack, as his sister did not speak, "so I couldn't rush forward and pick it up for her. I haven't seen her get into a train or I might have got into the same carriage and tried to open up a conversation. I might wait round a corner, and then come round in a hurry and collide, apologise, and—"

"And make her think that you are foolish, thus spoiling your chances and any good impression you may have made!" interrupted Mary briskly. "No, Jack, if we have to manufacture an opportunity for an introduction, we must have some better scheme than either of those, which are all too ancient."

"Well, what do you suggest, Mary?" asked Jack rather helplessly. "I feel like going boldly up to her and telling her that I love her to distraction, but—"

"You are afraid that she would really take you to be distracted—in other words, mad!" broke in his sister with a laugh. "No, that idea won't work, although it is the most straightforward."

"You see, it isn't every woman who likes to be taken by storm, despite the sage remarks of certain male critics. I think we must work out some scheme for an introduction. Do you feel—that she—Are you sure in your own mind that Miss Dora—?"

She hesitated and looked searchingly at her brother.

"She seemed to say to me, or to appear, as if she wouldn't be—Well, Mary, I can't say definitely that she returns my affection, but I must try my luck. I've got to do it somehow!"

Mary was again silent for awhile.

"Is there anyone else in the household upon whom we could operate?" she inquired at length.

"Only an odd boy who seems to be a bit deficient mentally," retorted Jack with a grim smile. "Do you think we could do anything with him?" he added jestingly.

"Yes, I do!" she declared, her face brightening. "I believe I saw him once, when accompanying you to the school. Is he a shock-headed, ungainly lad, odd in appearance as well as in occupation; looking as if he were of any age between sixteen and sixty?"

"That's rather wide, certainly, but that must be the

chap," laughed Jack. "What on earth can he do for us?"

"Listen. We shall have to risk five pounds or so on it, but it is an idea out of the usual run. Are you willing to risk the money? Well," as Jack nodded, "it's like this, we must wait on that boy. Wait till we see him coming, and then put a diamond ring—the one you gave me, with the two stones—somewhere in his

path, so that he will see it sparkling; we must take care that nobody else sees it first. And if he passes it, we must wait for another chance to throw it in his way."

"And then?"

"If he is mentally deficient, or only just a trifle odd, he is probably deeply attached to his mistress; the old gentleman bullies him, perhaps, and the mistress treats him kindly, eh? If that be so, he will of a surety take the trinket to her. She will either take it to the police-station or advertise it. You see the advertisement and go to her and describe it. You explain, in a lengthy manner, that it belongs to your beloved sister and prolong the interview as much as possible, winding up by asking if you may bring your sister to thank her personally. Once I get friendly with her, the thing is settled!"

"That's gorgeous, Mary!" cried Jack, jumping up and giving her a smacking kiss. "And if she takes it to the station?"

"We can claim it and perhaps get an introduction to her in that way," answered Mary. "Now, how to get that ring into the boy's way?"

That seemed to be the most awkward part of the scheme, and Jack had perforce to work out that part of the plot on his own account. He knew where Miss Hallam lived, and he kept watch at a respectful distance, muffled so as to disguise himself, for two hours every evening for four days, in the hope of seeing that boy come out.

The lad did appear one evening, but he went only to the pillar-box at the end of the street, and Jack did not get a chance of doing anything. On the sixth evening, which was Monday (Sunday having been skipped), the odd boy came out and Jack planted that ring just where it would be seen sparkling in the light of an exceptionally bright lamp, but the lad passed it unconcernedly and Jack had to put it back into his pocket in despair.

Tuesday was also fruitless, but Wednesday brought success. As the lad passed the lamp, he noticed the sparkling object, picked it up and surveyed it under the light, gave a low whistle, and stowed the ring carefully into an inner pocket. Then he continued his journey with apparent unconcern.

"So far, good!" muttered Jack. "Now it remains to be seen if he will really give it to his young mistress or pawn it for a sovereign."

However, it's worth risking the ring to get that introduction. I would willingly pay five pounds for the privilege of speaking to her for a few minutes, with the chance of becoming friendly, so it amounts to the same thing."

Mary Russell now took her share in the execution of the plot. She kept a look-out at the front of the local police-station and in shop-windows for some announcement of the finding of the missing ring. The local papers were also purchased, and at last the advertisement appeared.

There was a good deal more behind that advertisement than Jack and his sister supposed. Thomas, the odd boy, took the ring straight to Miss Dora Hallam on his return.

"Found it, miss," he remarked with a nod—he always nodded after making a remark. "Any good?"

"I do believe it's a real diamond ring, Thomas!" cried Miss Hallam, a pretty looking girl of twenty-one. "How ever did you find it?"

"Don't suppose I'd have seen it if I hadn't nearly fell over it!" replied Thomas, disclaiming all right to be regarded as clever.

"I'm sure I don't know what it's worth," said Miss Hallam, answering the previous question of Thomas, "but it must be worth a few pounds. I'll ask uncle. Tell me where you found it."

Thomas emitted a slight grunt at the mention of uncle, whom he evidently did not hold in high esteem and affection, but he related his adventure very briefly, and it was decided that uncle should advise them concerning future proceedings. Thomas was assured by his mistress that he would be entitled to something for finding it.

Half-an-hour later, Mr. Martin, the uncle, returned. He was a gruff old fellow, Mrs. Hallam's eldest and much older brother. He was acting as guardian to Dora, now an orphan. The old fellow had never married, and the only soft spot in his rugged nature was his love for his niece.

"I've found a diamond ring, uncle," she announced. "Thomas brought it to me. Now I wonder who is the owner? How much is it worth, do you think? I suppose we must take it to the police-station?"

"That's a queer thing to find," said Mr. Martin, as he fumbled for his eye-glasses with one hand and took the ring from Dora with the other. "They are easier to lose than to find. I lost one three years or so ago, but I'm sure it was stolen. Ah, yes," he had his pince-nez adjusted and was gazing at the ring. "Ge—e—e!" he gasped, and nearly let the ring fall.

"What is it, uncle, dear?" asked Dora, anxiously.

"Has anything happened?"

"That's the very ring, Dora; the very one! There's no mistaking it. See this mark inside—curious sign! That's a special mark I put on it in Egypt some years ago, as a sort of password."

"Of course, you don't know about that; but you see that the ring is of strange pattern, a sort of modernised

antiquity. No, I can't mistake it. Now, who dropped it? That is the question."

"If it were stolen," cried Dora indignantly, "the thief ought to be punished. Do you think that we can trace him by finding the owner, as he thinks himself?"

"We will try, my dear," said Mr. Martin, decisively. "The thief would not know that I had a niece named Hallam, or that I am living here, for this house still stands in your father's name."

"Now, we must concoct an innocent advertisement for the local paper and a regular morning paper also, giving the name of Hallam, and I fancy we shall draw someone into the net."

When Jack Russell made his way towards the house of the Hallam family at a time between the hours mentioned in the advertisement, he little thought that a counter plot of an entirely different nature was in course of execution against himself. The owner of the lost ring was to describe it and it would be restored; Jack was quite prepared to give a description.

His heart was beating wildly when he was requested to enter the residence of the girl he loved; but, as he took a seat in the reception room, his hopes sank like lead as a sudden thought crossed his mind. Suppose he saw the male relation and had no opportunity, after all, of speaking to Miss Hallam?

To Jack's dismay, it was Mr. Martin who entered the room, ready to pounce upon a thief, as it were.

"You have come about the ring, I understand?" he commenced in anything but a friendly tone. "Will you describe it?"

"Certainly, sir!" responded Jack, assuming a pleasant manner in pursuance of his determination to get round the old gentleman somehow.

He gave an exact description, and Mr. Martin produced it from his waistcoat pocket.

"That's the ring," he said abruptly, "and now I should like to know how you came into possession of it! That ring belongs to me, first and foremost, it was stolen three years or so ago."

Jack was staggered at this turn of affairs and explained that he had purchased it from a jeweller in Ramsgate about eighteen months previously.

"I have no wish to keep it if it is yours," said Jack politely, assuming a winning smile. "I shall be only too pleased to be the means of restoring it, Mr. Hallam, and so will my sister, for whom I purchased it. If you will do me the favour of—"

"I want to find the thief!" said Mr. Martin abruptly, not to say rudely. "My name is Martin. Do you know anything more about this ring?"

Before Jack could utter the rather angry words that rose to his lips, a feminine voice interposed.

"Oh, uncle, I'm sure that Mr. Russell does not know anything about the—the theft. How could he?"

It was Dora Hallam. She had seen Jack on several occasions when he had imagined that she had not noticed him, and she had observed his intent gaze. She had been even more curious than he, for she had, by dint of guarded questions, discovered his name and some particulars of his circumstances.

"Thank you," said Jack, bowing to the girl.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman hastily, "I did not mean anything. I'm a trifle brusque and gruff at times; but I should very much like to track and punish that rascally varlet. But," he added quite innocently, turning to his niece, "I was not aware that you knew this gentleman."

Dora's cheeks grew crimson. Her uncle had placed her in a most awkward position; he had brought to the glare of the light, as it were, the fact that she was interested to a great extent in Jack Russell. The young man himself recognised all this, and by the lowering of her eyes he understood that she regarded him with anything but indifference.

"I have not had the pleasure of speaking to Miss Hallam before, sir," he said with a manliness that won the old fellow's admiration, "but I believe that we have really communed with one another in an occult way. I wish to make a compromise about that ring. It belongs to both you and me; instead of quarrelling over the ownership, I will ask Miss Hallam to wear it for my sake."

"Eh?" gasped Mr. Martin, bewildered by this bold stroke. He looked at Dora and back at Jack; he drew a deep breath and seemed to find some humour in the situation, for, after a second or two, he smiled.

"I'm willing to relinquish my claim to the ring if she wishes to wear it, and I would ask her to wear it for my sake as well, but I don't think she will care about dividing the sentiment," he said in a softer tone than Dora had ever heard him use. "Well, let us make another compromise. Dora shall wear the ring for two months and then, if she is willing, you can give her another and I will take this one—No, I won't; it shall go back to your sister, to whom, young man, it really belongs since you gave it to her."

"Oh! but I cannot take it from Miss Russell. It is hers, and she ought to have it," cried Dora, fingering the ring nervously, for her uncle had passed it to her.

"I am sure that she will not object to your holding it until the time comes for me to give you another," cried Jack, taking her hands in his. "Perhaps Mr. Martin will consent to decrease the period of probation?"

"Bring your sister to-morrow and settle matters as you please, that's the best way," said Mr. Martin affably.

Mary Russell eagerly accepted the invitation and before a week had passed she had told Dora of the little scheme by which the lovers had been brought together and a new ring had been placed in position.

"Mr. Martin," said Mary, as she drew him aside and held out the now famous diamond ring, "this is yours and you ought to have it."

"Thank you, my dear," replied the old fellow seriously; "but I would prefer that you keep it. If I were younger, I might offer you another, but we'll soon find someone to replace your brother in your heart. I am only sorry that I missed that happiness when I was young."

He cannot wish for better when the best is to be had—
THE SCOUT is just the paper for a well-deserving lad.

EMIGRATION is a habit indulged in by every conceivable form of life, and is not, as might be supposed, confined to mankind and a few species of birds. Wherever we turn in nature we find the command to "move on" perpetually being obeyed.

For instance, certain butterflies in Europe emigrate almost annually. Familiar garden species, such as the red admiral, painted lady, or peacock, often fly all the way from the South of France.

In America there is a huge tawny and black and white butterfly that takes vast flights across the Pacific, covering sometimes as much as 2,000 miles in its endeavour to colonise in new lands. This is a prodigious distance for so frail a creature to go, and it is not to be wondered at that sailors have sometimes seen them falling in scores into the sea from sheer exhaustion.

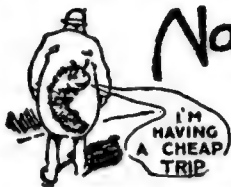
Cattle, and some carnivorous beasts, such as the tiger and lion, emigrate very little, but have been known to wander many hundreds of miles from their accustomed haunts after the mating season in search of a new land for their cubs; and in the north it is not an uncommon thing to see thousands of reindeer marching with all the order and precision of an army to new lands when food in their old quarters has given out.

When it comes to slow, sleepy creatures like beetles, whose flight is very laborious, and whose feet are only adapted for a leisurely crawl, a different means is employed. In fact, an emigrating beetle travels by car or airship—or, in other words, he fastens on to the feathers of birds or the hair of animals, and is carried away free of charge.

Caterpillars only emigrate when their food supply gives out, and some solitary examples have a curious knack of fastening on to anything that happens to brush by them, and are often carried by human beings for long distances.

When it comes to plants, the task of emigration is still more difficult. You see, plants cannot walk or fly. Yet emigrate they must, because some plants will reproduce themselves 10,000 times in one season, and there would be no space for so huge a progeny to develop. The difficulty is overcome by what may be called mechanical emigration.

Have you ever noticed those tiny little brown and green sticky pellets that cling to your clothes so persistently in fields? They are the seeds of the



Nature's Emigrants

Some Curious Habits Indulged In by Nature.

being should pack his clothes away without brushing them thoroughly, and go to New York, the little seed will end by taking root on American soil.

Some species of plants emigrate by flying, only, of course, the flying is mechanical. Everybody is familiar with the little festoons of dandelion fluff that float about in summer-time. When the flower has ceased blooming, it discharges the fluff from its centre; the first passing breeze breaks the fluff up into a number of gauzy parachutes, each as scientifically constructed as though turned out by machinery.

At the base of each parachute hangs a dandelion seed. The wind elevates the aeronaut from the ground, and bears it away leeward—sometimes hundreds of miles—until the seed drops away from the fluff and falls to the earth.

A very curious mode of travelling is adopted by the common gorse or furze—that prickly bush with yellow flowers so plentiful on commons—which keeps its seeds in a pod.

The pod grows quietly enough at first, but when the ripening hour comes, aided by a burning summer sun, it explodes with a cracking noise, scattering its contents right and left. The journey in this case is, of course, very brief.

The more diminutive seeds of plants rely upon transplantation—that is to say, they are conveyed hither and thither in the soil that happens to cling to the feet of birds, beasts, and human beings.

There is a remarkable instance on record of a scientist who examined a small clod of earth from the foot of a bird which had recently arrived from across the sea and been shot. In the clod, which was less than a quarter of an inch square in size, he found no fewer than thirty-seven different species of grass seed.

Some seeds are impervious to salt water, and use the ocean as a means of travelling. On the authority of Darwin, the seed of the coconut palm has been known to float across the ocean for a distance of 2,400 miles without losing its fertility.

goosegrass, and are very smart at emigration. Each seed is covered in stiff hair, and every hair ends in a hook. The hooked hairs are put on expressly to help the seed to get away.

If a dog, or a horse, or a human being, brushes past the mother plant, the little seed gets mechanically hooked on. If the human

8/6

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In the modern business world the necessity for thoroughly knowing one or two foreign languages is becoming daily more apparent. In addition to this, the modern facilities for foreign travel render it essential that each of us should possess the facility of speaking either French or German.



Lingvists Made Here

Foreign Languages are really Easily Mastered.

Now, it is usually found an expensive item to become acquainted with German. One has to pay 3s. per hour for a course of lessons in that language, but this outlay is really not necessary, as will be shown later. It is possible for any European language to be thoroughly learnt by any clerk or employer at a cost, say, of 5s.

We purpose showing some of the well-known methods employed in the language schools of to-day, and applying them to the need of the ordinary business man.

Let us take the case of a young fellow who knows nothing of either French or German; perhaps at school he has done a little desultory study, but rules of grammar and words have faded away. Suppose he takes a course of lessons at one of these language schools. He will be shown various articles in the room, and be required to learn the foreign name of these objects. Later on he will be shown articles in the street, and similarly will learn the names of these. Further study will give him the foreign names of different classes of food, dress, and amusements.

Now, it is clear that any student has merely to learn the names of everyday objects in order to gain the rudiments of a foreign language. Thus, the method is quite clear. The student must live his life over again, supplying French sentences for the English thought.

A young fellow, by spending a few minutes daily, will gradually accustom himself to the idea of calling each English article by its foreign name, and so unconsciously he drifts into the position of a foreigner for the time being.

But, with the aid of a phrase book and dictionary, he can learn certain forms of everyday speech, and it is possible, at the end of a week's study, to be able to form hundreds of small sentences which are quite correct in the foreign language.

Various books are published which are of great service to the student. Here are some. A phrase

possible, by means of a small shift key, for the phonograph to reproduce any difficult word, twenty times if necessary.

In order to gain facility in speech and correct pronunciation, there are restaurants with foreign waiters. A young fellow was desirous of increasing his knowledge of German, and it was his habit to walk two miles in order to be attended to by a German barber. He thus gained a quarter of an hour's conversation in German two or three times per week.

By following out these methods, the young fellow is gradually becoming a foreigner when he uses the language, because it is necessary to "think" in the foreign language that is being studied. Each of us possess the power of switching off to another language, and, as it were, completely forgetting English.

But there are several other ways in which the student can increase his business capacity. It should be possible to purchase a letter-writer in either French, German, or Spanish, and, by studying these after a due knowledge of the language has been gained, the post of foreign correspondent is within the reach of the student. To further increase your knowledge of a foreign language, why not write for foreign catalogues, or take in a foreign newspaper?

It is never too late to begin studying a foreign language. The Earl of Wemyss has recently commenced to study German at the age of seventy-two. He is reading a book through, and in the earlier portion of the book he had to consult the dictionary twenty times per page, but within the last month he had reduced the number to five.

Suppose that half an hour daily be given till next fact that, with a winter's practise, the foreign holiday will come to the forefront. It is an undoubted fact that, with a winter's practise, the foreign holiday will become an added pleasure, and, in addition, the foreign language will be firmly fixed, owing to the practise gained during the stay abroad.

book may be purchased from a tourist agency. Sheets of cards containing ready-made sentences may be obtained. A set of books may be used in conjunction with the phonograph.

The student sits with the book open before him, and the phonograph repeats the words that are printed in the book. Thus, it is

THE STUDIO MURDER. THE STRANGE TRUE STORY OF THE STEINHEIL CRIME.

The terrible murder of M. Steinheil and Madame Japy has aroused more feeling, not only in France, but throughout the civilised world than any other atrocity of recent years. One by one the fearful secrets locked in the minds of the chief characters are revealed to an amazed public.

The true story of the deplorable crime has not until this week been told. It has remained for Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR to recount, in his inimitable style, the facts of the case as he knows them. This account appears only in the current number of M. A. P. It is unquestionably the most stirring and remarkable story of crime ever written.

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Edited by T. P. O'CONNOR
OUT TO-DAY.

When dad's at his and mother's out, a boy's companion is THE SCOUT.



SERIAL STORY.

MYMMS THE DREAMER

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GO WRONG.

By W. HOLT WHITE.

WHAT HAS ALREADY APPEARED.

MR. MYMMS possesses the gift of dreaming future events. He dreams the results of horse races; the plans of the Government; and can, if he wishes, foretell the destiny of nations.

Consequently, England, Germany, and America are doing all in their power to secure his services; either by bribery or by stealing his person.

Those who know of Myrms' powers are:—Lord Marsden, Count Torfeldt, and Napoleon N. Potomac, the representatives of England, Germany, and America respectively.

The first person to secure Myrms is a Mr. Hastie Brighton, the editor of the *WIRN*. He makes a mint of money, through Myrms' daring forecasts, the *WIRN* being sold by the million.

Mr. Levi Lygons, a City financier, steals Myrms from Brighton, Marsden steals him from Lygons, and Torfeldt abducts him from the care of Marsden, and conveys him to Berlin.

At Berlin, Myrms interviews the Kaiser. The Kaiser treats him as a friend, and suggests that he shall become a German. Marsden is seeking for Myrms in Berlin. He is recalled by the Duke of Mold, who is Minister for Foreign Affairs, to see Potomac and Mr. Murphy, London correspondent of the *New York FLARE*. These gentlemen wish to propound a plan for securing Myrms in the interests of England and America. The plan involves the aid of Lady Cecilia, the beautiful sister-in-law of the Duke. The Kaiser's nephew Prince Hans-Joseph has a propensity for falling in love. He is attending the Kiel regatta, and Cecilia is to accompany Murphy and Potomac in a yacht chartered by Murphy, make his acquaintance, and the rest will be simple.

Despite the protests of the Duke of Mold and Lord Marsden, Cecilia insists on carrying out the programme mapped out for her. Prince Hans-Joseph falls an easy victim. Lady Cecilia leads his conversation from dreams to Myrms, and on her agreeing to delay her departure from Kiel, he promises to obtain and fetch Myrms aboard the yacht to foretell their future.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

To New York.

PRINCE HANS-JOSEPH had sufficient intelligence to recognise that anything he might say, after his proud boast that he would bring Myrms aboard the *Universe*, would merely come as an anti-climax.

So without any more ado he bade Cecilia good-night.

His heart was beating fast, as his man, who had for an hour or so been bobbing in their dinghy alongside the gangway of the *Universe*, rowed him sullenly back to his yacht.

When he stood on his own deck Prince Hans-Joseph was sufficiently cooled to appreciate that he had placed himself in an exceedingly difficult position. For a few minutes he was rather resentful with himself that he should once more have fallen a victim to a woman's charms.

But he argued down this disloyal thought with fervour and with heat, though he was reduced to the expedient of all hot-headed lovers, of swearing that Cecilia was quite different from every other girl he had ever met.

Cecilia might be different, but the difference of Cecilia did not free Prince Hans-Joseph from his difficulties. Every male member of his line did his best to live up to his word. Most of them failed egregiously; but Prince Hans-Joseph stood hard and fast by the abortive family tradition, with the result that he was reckoned the fool of his tribe.

He had promised to take Myrms to the *Universe*, and take Myrms there he would.

But how?

As Prince Hans-Joseph ordered a bottle of mineral water he sat down to examine his chances of success.

One extremely awkward fact stared him in the face. If Myrms were to be brought to Kiel, then he must go to Berlin to fetch him.

That meant a certain amount of separation from Cecilia. The journey from Kiel to Berlin occupies a considerable amount of time when a man is in a hurry.

And Prince Hans-Joseph was in a hurry.

He was in such a hurry that he changed his clothes, called out the crew of his dinghy again, and went ashore. The sea was choppy and, as the dinghy bumped on the top of the short waves, the little craft pounded a certain amount of common-sense into the Prince's head. But it did not alter his foolish and heroic determination to take Myrms on board the *Universe*.

It was no joy to Prince Hans-Joseph that he had to wait five hours for a train. He spent the interval in the waiting-room writing, and immediately afterwards tearing up, notes to Cecilia.

His main trouble was that he could not conveniently calculate when he would get back to Kiel. Cecilia was hardly likely to wait in that dreary harbour day after day for the purpose of seeing Myrms.

Finally, he hit upon a suggestion which seemed to him good. He wrote a plain and quite business-like note reiterating his fixed determination to bring Myrms aboard the *Universe*, but pointed out that two or three days must elapse before this project could be achieved. He suggested that Cecilia should, in the meantime, sail to Copenhagen, spend a day or two there, and then return. On her return Prince Hans-Joseph pledged his word that Myrms should be in readiness for an audience.

The Prince concluded the letter by asking Cecilia to wire her wishes to the Kaiserhof Hotel, Berlin.

Having dispatched the note, Prince Hans-Joseph caught the morning train and went upon his way grimly determined to live up to his reputation for honesty and straight-dealing.

Cecilia received Prince Hans-Joseph's note at breakfast-time, and was not a little moved. It seemed a shame to drag such an honest boy to destruction through his very honesty.

For at least half an hour indeed Cecilia sat in her cabin turning the note over and over again as she studied Prince Hans-Joseph's proposals in every line.

Was it fair, was it right, was it just, she asked herself, to make this lad a dupe?

For if Myrms ever set foot aboard the *Universe*, then Myrms would never return to Germany. And if Myrms never returned to Germany, then this hot-headed boy, Hans-Joseph, must suffer the degradation of being branded as a fool and a traitor.

It was not a very pleasant position for Cecilia to be in. It began to dawn on her that Marsden was right in his chivalrous desire to keep all women out of diplomatic matters. And at the thought of Marsden there came into Cecilia's mind an entirely new and perplexing problem as to the morality of diplomacy.

Slowly she came to see that to be a diplomat one must be a Jesuit. It was necessary, not only to place one's country first, but to make that first last. She saw that it was imperative not only to have faith but to harbour fanaticism. So she crushed down every doubt, every scruple.

Now, this was because Cecilia had only half learnt her lesson—the lesson that, even for the sake of a faith, a woman can never be quite inhuman. Weeks afterwards there was to come a touch of Marsden's hand which made Cecilia wonder that she ever scrupled to employ Hans-Joseph—not for her country's sake, but for Marsden's.

The interval was long, and cold, and bleak. Cecilia, as she lived through it, began to wonder how a man could have a creed, could have an aim, so fascinating as to exclude human consideration—human love.

Cecilia was indeed for the time left, as it is most conveniently if most commonly called, cold. It was in a cold mood that she showed the Prince's letter to Potomac and Murphy. It was in a cold rage that she battled with their little fears that Myrms might escape them if they left Kiel. It was in a cold passion that she ordered the yacht to sail for Copenhagen. Her dealings with the complaining Lady Jemima were icy.

Murphy and Potomac, it might be said, huddled together. Cecilia overawed them and left them afraid. Yet, even as they tried to seek comfort in each other, they quarrelled. They had long, hot, and bitter arguments as to the wisdom of this Copenhagen trip.

The passengers of the *Universe* began to hate each other with almost deadly hatred. They met only at meals, and then they were gloomy and antagonistic.

The skipper of the yacht was so amazed at the proceedings that he took the chief officer into his confidence and asked him what he thought of it.

The chief officer could think of nothing by way of explanation and so annoyed his captain. Thus life, on board the *Universe*, became more and more unpleasant.

Prince Hans-Joseph in the meantime had no opportunity of cultivating ill-temper. He was too busy.

On the evening of the day on which he started for Berlin, he arrived at the Chancellerie unshaven, unwashed, and generally unkempt.

He rushed into the room of his second cousin, the Graf von Hessen, a large, blonde and placid person, who acted as steward to the Chancellor's household.

The Graf von Hessen was frankly amazed at Prince Hans-Joseph's flushed face and disordered appearance.

"Bet he's got a new girl," he said to himself.

"Thought so," he muttered as the Prince poured out his story.

The Graf von Hessen was fortunate in the possession of the splendid bi-medieval idea that a wife is only a species of legalised cook. The Graf von Hessen didn't take any stock of women, his heart was entirely engrossed—and this in more ways than one—with the importance of the dinner-table.

He made no secret that he could scarcely understand his hot-headed cousin's ravings. He could not make out how any girl on earth could have Madonna-like features and yet arouse one's feelings.

It was unfortunate that, while the Prince was all soul, his cousin was all stomach.

However, the Graf von Hessen was obliging. He had certain doubts in his mind as to the wisdom of the step, but he agreed to breathe into the Chancellor's ear the suggestion that Myrms could be taught a further lesson as to the Might and Majesty of Germany by being introduced to the German High Sea Fleet now anchored off Kiel. Loyal friend that he was, the Graf von Hessen made no mention of his cousin's latest love affair as he put the proposal to the Chancellor.

The Chancellor, as a matter of fact, was delighted at the notion. He went away chuckling to himself, happy in the belief that his aristocratic gentleman housekeeper was not quite the ass he thought him.

Mymms was, by this time, sufficiently dazed to be submissive. He took it quite as a part of the day's work when he was politely but authoritatively informed that he must set out for Kiel.

Prince Hans-Joseph, as he hustled Myrms into a private saloon at the Potsdamerhof-Bahn could scarcely conceal his frantic joy.

A thousand times during the run to Kiel it was on the tip of his tongue to ask Myrms if he knew Lady Cecilia Skeffington.

This was a temptation which in the end he could not resist.

"Do you know the Lady Cecilia Skeffington?" he bashfully inquired of Myrms.

Mymms sat with bulging blue eyes staring at the Prince, half in terror, half in joy.

The colour crept into his little face as his heart beat faster beneath his frail little ribs.

"Lady Cecilia Skeffington!" Myrms repeated with a shaking voice. It came suddenly home to Myrms, and his weak little heart beat all the faster, that Lady Cecilia might in some mysterious way be contriving his escape from the grip of Prussia. Myrms was conscious that the Prince's feverish eyes were devouring his face. With an effort the little man pulled himself together.

"Lady Cecilia Skeffington," he said slowly. "Isn't she, in some way, related to the Duke of Mold?"

"Yes, yes! that's it," cried the Prince eagerly.

Should he or should he not claim acquaintance with Lady Cecilia? The natural cunning of his street-bred mind served him in good stead. If Lady Cecilia were working to save him, he argued, then she was working in secret—and he must keep her secret.

Together with his natural cunning, however, Myrms harboured a fair amount of snobbishness. It wounded his vanity a little to have to deny acquaintance with anyone included in Dehrett.

So he shook his head with regret. "No, sir, I don't know the lady," he said.

"But she has heard of you," urged the Prince.

"Has she?" Myrms' prominent blue eyes bulged again.

"Yes," said the Prince. "She has heard of your dreams. She wants you to dream for her now."

"Is that why I'm going to Kiel?" asked Myrms.

The Prince nodded.

"Ornright," said Myrms, "I'll dream for her."

The *Universe* had fetched anchor off Kiel a few hours before the Prince arrived with Myrms. His Royal Highness immediately commandeered an Admiralty launch and set out for Higgins' yacht.

Potomac had already received a wire notifying him of the Prince's return with Myrms. On the receipt of it he had danced about the deck like a cat on hot bricks and could have embraced Murphy with joy.

But Cecilia was crushing. "You have done better than I thought you would," she said, and that was all.

Lady Jemima was not informed how matters stood. Neither Potomac, nor Murphy, nor Cecilia had any desire to increase their troubles.

The launch came alongside the yacht, cutting a clean way through the water.

Murphy, the reticent, drew Potomac, the talkative, on one side. "Say," he said, "it will be kind of awkward, won't it, if Myrms comes aboard and gives the game away by showing that he's seen Lady Cecilia before?"

Potomac looked at him with contempt.

"Do you think," he asked, "that that young fool, Hans-Joseph will be hanging about the gangway while we make introductions? We've only got to tell him that Lady Cecilia is waiting for him in the saloon and he'll be off like a rocket. We can tell Myrms what to do during his Royal Highness' absence."

Thus they arranged it between them, and Potomac was right. The Prince, all hot and anxious, came blundering up the gangway. Potomac stretched towards him a cool American hand.

"Lady Cecilia," he said, with an air of flattering confidence, "is waiting for you in the saloon."

The Prince rushed aft. Murphy grabbed Myrms by one arm while Potomac seized him by the other. They told him their story, briefly, but with point.

Mymms, of course, was utterly befogged, but he recognised that his feet now stood on planks that were not Prussian, and in his own peculiar way he gave glory to his particular God.

Mymms had not learnt much, but he had learnt that he must at least keep his tongue still. So, when he came into the presence of Cecilia, he stammered and blushed, but said nothing.

At the suggestion of Cecilia, Prince Hans-Joseph had sent the launch to lie alongside his own yacht. Luncheon was served in the saloon and, half-way through, Prince Hans-Joseph became convinced that the *Universe* was in motion.

He looked up and glanced through a port-hole.

"Hullo," he said, "where on earth are we off to?"

He turned his eyes on Cecilia's face, but Cecilia's face was a blank.

The flushed countenance of the Prince grew pale. "I say," he cried, rising from his chair and speaking loudly and distinctly, "where are we off to?"

No answer was vouchsafed him.

Paragraph: Oh for a soft and gentle mind, I heard a fair one cry.
Changelet: Oh for a soft and easy spot, I heard some falling balloonist cry.

The horrible notion that he had been trapped overwhelmed Prince Hans-Joseph. He moved towards the companion-way but Murphy got there first. The American slammed the door and planted his plump back against it. "Not that way, Your Royal Highness," he said. The Prince looked in turn at each man and woman in the saloon. Lady Jemima was muttering to herself, Cecilia was staring at her folded hands. Myrms was jibbering in excitement, while Potomac sat alert and calm, fumbling the stem of a wine-glass. Potomac lifted his wine-glass to his thin, neatly-shaven lips, and drained it. "It just depends," he said, "but we"—he laid stress on the "we"—"are on the way to New York."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.
A Compact Broken.

IMMEDIATELY after Torfeldt had inveigled Myrms to Germany, the position in London became at once curious and acute. The public knew nothing, but all the people who really mattered knew only too well what had happened. And according to their different positions they were cast into varying depths of perplexity and despair. The two persons who had dropped on the scent and

followed it up successfully were, as we know, Potomac and Murphy. But there were many others who found themselves merely facing a blank wall. One of these was Mr. Hastie Brighton, the Editor of the WIRE. For the first time in his life he had to acknowledge himself completely out-generalled, and baffled to such an extent that he could not, for the moment, see any means of escaping utter defeat.

The proprietors and editors of rival journals were quick to guess Mr. Hastie Brighton's Sedan, and chuckled with huge delight.

At the same time, their joy was far from unalloyed, for they saw that they themselves had lost the potentialities of Myrms.

The working diplomats of London also found themselves in strained relations with their own particular Ambassadors and Ministers. The inmates of the different Embassies and Legations were, indeed, extremely miserable and distraught.

But the most unhappy man of all was Marsden. Before she had sailed in the *Universe*, Cecilia had worked out with him a simple but effective code, and by that code Marsden had received the information that Prince Hans-Joseph had been caught.

Afterwards Marsden received a further message, stating that Prince Hans-Joseph had left for Berlin, and why, together with the tidings that Cecilia was departing on a forced cruise to Copenhagen.

The thousand and one little things which beset the business man encompassed Marsden at the moment. With

cool haste he swept them all aside, and for the time he lived only for the great matter of Myrms.

It was possibly wise of Marsden to free himself from these odds and ends of diplomatic details, which could but distract his thoughts. But the very lopping off of all these widespread and different interests only served to emphasise the miserable inactivity which he was now compelled to endure.

Marsden, who frequented at least a dozen clubs, and night after night dined out with the regularity of the most wretched slave to fashion, took to holding himself aloof from even these casual meetings with his fellow men.

So harassed, indeed, did he become that he sought refuge in long rides into the country. And his big, upstanding, and patient cob began in its dull mind to wonder at the nervousness and irritability of his master's temper.

For sometimes, when tortured by his anxiety as to Cecilia's whereabouts, Marsden would spur his horse into a three-mile gallop. So the days wore on, and, to indulge in alliteration, Marsden the debonair became Marsden the dejected.

A score of times he figured out in the quiet of his room the course which the *Universe* would take from Kiel to Copenhagen and back. He measured the distance over and over again till the chart became an eyesore. He would sit for the hour together with a red-backed Continental Bradshaw in his hand, looking up the trains from Kiel to Berlin and from Berlin to Kiel.

(Continued on next page.)

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1908.

CONTRACTORS TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES AND THE R.A.M.C.
BY ROYAL WARRANT TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN
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Keep up your Stamina.

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SAMPLE BOTTLE GRATIS.

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Pearson's Weekly, Dec. 24th, 1908.



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THE STORY OF MEN

threatened with consumption, and saved by SCOTT'S Emulsion is always a wonderful one. Mr. F. J. Warren, 31, Ashdown Road, Kingston-on-Thames, writes (1/5/08): "I was in the early stages of consumption and lost flesh rapidly. SCOTT'S Emulsion saved me and I started work again in about two months." Cases like this, of which there are many, are the best possible proof of the exceptional power of SCOTT'S. Such power is not found in any other emulsion whatever; and this is why SCOTT'S alone can check so serious a disease as consumption.



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DURING the festive season the good fare often tempts one to excessive eating which results in a sharp bilious attack, sick headache, or perhaps indigestion.

Because Chas. Forde's Bile Beans act directly by aiding digestion and regulating the flow of bile from the liver, they are the ideal and indispensable medicine for this season. Chas. Forde's Bile Beans being of purely vegetable origin, do not gripe or weaken like fifty-year-old mineral pills, but bring to the stomach and liver just that natural assistance which is necessary for the restoration of good health.

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"My health was bad for five years," said Mrs. Brown, "my liver and stomach being out of order the whole time. I became thin and haggard, and often collapsed from sheer exhaustion. My face looked ghastly, and in the street people used to stop and look pitifully at me. I felt drowsy and lost all my appetite. The doctors gave me many special medicines, but none of them did me good. Then I started to take Chas. Forde's Bile Beans. Very soon this wonderful medicine drove away my despondency and all the effects of the liver and stomach disorder, and completely restored me to splendid health. The natural colour has returned to my cheeks, and I have been in the best of health ever since."

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WARNING The public are warned against worthless imitation bile beans, made to look like the world-famed "Chas. Forde's." Charles Forde's Bile Beans are never sold in pennyworths and never loose, but always in sealed wooden boxes bearing the name "Charles Forde's." None other are genuine.

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Pearson's Weekly, Dec. 24/08.

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VENETIA	L. Dasta.		NELSON'S NAME ...	J. W. Tate.
MOPSA	Chas. Villiers Stanford.		MY NANCY	Ernest Sefton.
A WHISPER OF LOVE ...	Milton Wallings.		FIRELIGHT FACES ...	Gerald Lane.
YOU AND I	P. Bucalossi.		BUTTERCUPS & DAISIES	Cecil Liddell.
TRY TO FORGET	G. W. Byng.		A SOLDIER IN THE	

PIANOFORTE PIECES.

VALSE MATINALE ...	Alfred Margis.	KING'S GUARD MARCH	Robert Eden.
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As this unique and generous offer is open for a limited time only, and will be largely taken advantage of by musical readers, you should send at once in order to avoid disappointment. All applications must be made to

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Suspicion in all its aspects had haunted Marsden's mind, but even Marsden did not expect to be confronted with such treachery as Murphy deliberately proposed to employ. Through all the negotiations Potomac had appeared to be the leading spirit, and certainly Potomac had appeared to play the leading part. So clever had Murphy been that even Marsden never guessed that Potomac was, in the end, to be overwhelmed and overruled by the silent but persistent journalist.

For a day and a night following the hour at which Marsden had calculated that Prince Hans-Joseph would put Mymms in touch with Cecilia at Kiel, Marsden stayed in his rooms counting every second, a prey to the most horrible inquietude.

At midnight he went down to Fleet Street, and, entering the offices of the *WIRE*, asked for Mr. Hastie Brighton.

Now, Mr. Hastie Brighton had been half-expecting him, and received him at once with affability and outward unconcern.

"You have come to talk to me about Mymms," the Editor suggested, as he rose to meet his guest.

"Yes," said Marsden; "I am getting a little anxious."

"Ah!" Mr. Hastie Brighton gave a quick, keen glance at Marsden, and instinctively divined the truth. "Indeed," he said, "then you must have been working with the Americans."

Marsden was considerably taken aback, but made not the least sign of his astonishment.

"Quite true," he said.

Mr. Hastie Brighton surveyed him with approval. This man, he thought, was obviously honest. He had come to consult him.

"Don't you think, Lord Marsden," he said, "that you had better tell me the whole story?"

"Yes," said Marsden, "I do; but, of course, it is on the condition that you publish nothing until you have my leave."

Mr. Hastie Brighton nodded his agreement to these terms, and then, with a contented, smiling face, listened to Marsden's tale.

At the close of it Mr. Hastie Brighton laughed.

"In normal times," he said, cheerfully, "diplomats, for some extraordinary reason, have a horror of newspapers. But there is always a moment in store for them when they are glad to ask the newspapers to help them. You haven't asked me in actual words to help you now, but I quite understand the drift of your thoughts, and—I can help you."

Marsden bowed with a distant politeness.

"Of course," Mr. Hastie Brighton continued briskly, "we are not quite sure how far matters have gone. If, as you seem to suspect, Murphy, as the representative of Higgins, has used the *Univers* to kidnap Mymms, we shall know of it very shortly. Even Murphy would not dare to carry a real live Prince across to the States. The Prince will by some means be taken back to Germany, and then we shall know the truth."

"And when these all-important facts come into our possession," continued Mr. Hastie Brighton, "we can circumvent Mr. Murphy very nicely. I know the London correspondent of the New York *HEMISPHERE* well. He will be only too glad to cable over an account of the whole affair, and in this way Murphy's little plan will be brought down to the ground."

Even as they talked, extremely private messages as to Murphy's exploit were coming into the offices of the *WIRE*.

For after Murphy had declined to let him go from the saloon of the *Univers*, Prince Hans-Joseph had found himself in sore straits. And when a Prince of the Blood finds himself in sore straits it is not very long before all the little people of the earth hear of it.

Prince Hans-Joseph was held to be a reckless but brave young man; and when he realised that the smiling Murphy was holding him a prisoner in the saloon of the *Univers* he immediately decided to put up a fight. And he was determined to make it a thorough fight, a fight to a finish, because he was quick-witted enough to see that he was faced with ruin.

The Prince went habitually armed, and his hand instinctively moved to his hip pocket; but, again, Murphy was quicker than he.

At the sight of firearms Lady Jemima indulged in the luxury of hysterics, which were fashionable during the early Victorian days, but are now, by modern people possessing taste, accounted vulgar.

No one, however, paid any attention to Lady Jemima.

Mymms understood vaguely how matters were going, and hugged himself with pleasure. He, poor little soul, could not tell the misery that was in store for him. He only realised that in some strange way he was being delivered from the tyranny of Prussia. He sat on his swivel-seat and hugged himself with his thin little arms.

Cecilia was like a woman who has been suddenly frozen.

Murphy walked slowly forward till the muzzle of his revolver was about three inches from the Prince's head.

"Your Royal Highness has nothing to fear," said Murphy.

"Except disgrace," answered the Prince through clenched teeth.

Murphy chuckled. "Believe me," he said, "we will do our best to make it a very creditable disgrace."

"Meantime," he continued, "I had better tell you our plans. We shall steam right ahead for the next hour, and then pick up a second yacht. To this yacht you will be transferred and conveyed back to Kiel."

The Prince's gaze wandered hopelessly about him till it alighted on Cecilia.

Then he cried out, and in his voice was an anguish which the girl never forgot.

"Lady Cecilia!" he cried, "have I laid my heart at your feet only for this?"

A sense of purgatorial shame overwhelmed Cecilia. She got unsteadily out of her chair, and walked to the door of the saloon. Nobody stayed her path, and she went out. Lady Jemima tore madly after her. With a guttural, choking exclamation, the Prince sank back into his chair, and, resting his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands.

(Another big instalment next week.)

THERE are many worthy people who do not approve of goose clubs, and not, perhaps, without reason.

Originally, at all events, goose clubs were almost entirely associated with public-houses, frequently led to unnecessary and excessive drinking, and thus acquired a bad name. We have happily changed all that.

Goose clubs now flourish in connection with the R.S.U., the Churches, and mission and temperance work at large, and "John Barleycorn" no longer has a monopoly of them.

Apart from that, however, I have no hesitation in saying that I would rather see public-house goose clubs than none at all.

For the object of goose clubs is an entirely worthy one, and even the undesirable features of a public-house connection cannot wholly undo the good they achieve.

The object, of course, is to enable poor people, by small weekly payments, to assure themselves a substantial Christmas dinner, which very probably they would be unable to provide if they had to pay for it in a lump sum.

There are worthy friends who contend, and most laudably, that meat of any sort is not only unnecessary, but absolutely injurious, and so are willing to be content to celebrate Christmas by an appetising dish of haricot beans or lentil steak.

I do not refer to this disrespectfully; I have too deep a regard for those who preach and practise the desirability of simple living. But they represent only a section of the community. The love of a "good feed" is characteristic of Englishmen the world over, and to most of us the idea of Christmas Day without turkey, goose, or plum pudding, represents the lowest depth of misery.

The ideal of a hearty Christmas dinner may not be a very lofty one, and some may think it merely the gratification of animal instinct. But the value of a good meal, even if it comes but once a year to the poor, can hardly be exaggerated.

It puts fresh hope and life into them, and, having tasted the pleasures and benefits of good food, it is likely that they will strive to enjoy them again. Good food may work not only physical but moral regeneration where any number of sermons would fail. Then goose clubs encourage thrift, and teach people that it is possible to save something, however slender their means.

VERY significant is the order issued by General Smith-Dorrien the other day abolishing pickets at Aldershot.

For it shows that the private soldier is being trusted; not mistrusted, as was formerly the case.

Ever since the British Army has been in existence, these town pickets have been found, each regiment furnishing one of its own.

A man "warned" for picket goes "on duty" with the guard between nine and ten in the morning, and remains on duty for twenty-four hours. During this period he may not quit barracks for his own convenience; but at stated intervals he is marched out, and through the streets, up and down, up and down, in wearisome procession.

Nominally, the pickets are supposed to aid the military police in keeping order amongst soldiers who are out on pleasure bent. But, as there is, as a general rule, very little disorder to cope with, the different pickets—of which there may be as many as a score in a big garrison town like Aldershot—have in practice little to do except to trudge aimlessly about, or to stand at ease at street corners. This is very trying, especially in winter, and it is small wonder that, next to guards, town pickets are the most disliked of all the soldiers' many duties.

In issuing the order discontinuing the pickets, General Smith-Dorrien asks the soldiers to prove by their conduct that his confidence in them has not been misplaced. It is almost certain that they will do so, for Tommy Atkins has ever shown himself quick to respond to such appeals to his honour.

This was made clear at the recent manoeuvres, when the public-houses within the zone of operations were thrown open to the soldiers taking part in them, instead of being placed "out of bounds," as had been the case heretofore. The result was a striking diminution in drunkenness.

Probably, too, there was no more beer consumed than under the old rule. For it must not be imagined that putting the public-houses out of bounds stopped the sale of intoxicants to the troops. Tommy likes his pint of beer, and the fact of its being denied to him made him all the more determined to get it. And he did get it, and plenty of it. Stolen fruit is sweetest, and beer surreptitiously obtained

Let Goose Clubs Flourish



By Sir JOHN KIRK

(The Famous Secretary of the Ragged School Union and the Shaftesbury Society.)

dinner may not, as I say, be a very lofty one, in realising it greater things may be achieved.

Tradesmen, especially grocers, I know, do not altogether favourably regard goose clubs, especially, again, where they supply groceries. But I do not think they need be alarmed.

The more the people can be stimulated to spare and spend money on good food, the more the habit will grow—reaching all round to the general benefit of the draper, grocer, and shoemaker—as well as increasing the health and happiness of the children.

A word or two may be added about the R.S.U. Goose Clubs. It was in 1897 that Dr. Paton made the suggestion that goose clubs might be introduced into a good many, if not all, of the local missions (of which there are 155) affiliated to the Ragged School Union.

The suggestion was a novel one, though goose clubs were no novelty then. But, for the most part, they were associated with the public-house, though I do not blame "John Barleycorn" for seeking thus to add to his business.

Our council considered the idea, and adopted it, with the result that eighty-two missions joined our goose club, which at the close of the first year had a membership of 9,096.

Of course, numbers have increased. Each member pays 6d. a week for fourteen weeks before Christmas, receiving in return choice of goose or turkey, a supply of tea, and a plum pudding ready basined and cooked.

The Churches, too, have taken up goose clubs, and all round the movement has spread. And deservedly so. For goose clubs inculcate thrift; they multiply family joys; they make the way easier for the higher aims of life, and the more lasting interests of the people.

Therefore, I say, let goose clubs flourish, and, when the feasts are held, may all reverently join in the classic grace of Tiny Tim, with whose immortal memory Christmas dinner will ever be associated:

"God bless us everyone."

was doubtless doubly precious. For this is human nature.

In India, in the old days, each soldier was allowed to purchase for his own consumption one quart of beer a day—and no more—from the only place where beer could then be obtained, namely, his regimental canteen. So

that he should not exceed this allowance, a wooden arrangement of holes and pegs, like a monster cribbage-board, was fixed up behind the canteen bars, and, as each man came in for his one or two pints, his one or two holes were pegged up.

The system, however, made no allowance for possible teetotalers, of whom there were many in the Army in India, even at that time. These rarely made any objection to pegging out their pints for the benefit of their beer-drinking comrades, with the result that the latter were able to obtain practically, as much as they desired and were able to pay for. When the "cribbage-boards" were at length done away with, the consumption of beer diminished.

It has been the same, too, as regards the granting of other privileges. The introduction of standing passes, for instance, enabling soldiers of good character to remain out of barracks until twelve o'clock midnight, was followed by a great decrease in the offence known as "absence without leave."

There was a time when smoking in the streets was altogether prohibited. If a soldier stepped out of a public-house, or other place of entertainment, even after dark, and forgot to extinguish his pipe or cigar, he was pounced upon by the military police, and made a prisoner of. Such a thing is unheard of nowadays, and nobody will pretend that discipline is slacker in consequence.

Then there is the wearing of civilian dress when off duty. Formerly, this was a privilege peculiar to commissioned officers. Then it was extended to warrant officers. Next, the sergeants, and other non-commissioned officers, were allowed to go on pass and furlough in mufti. And, finally, the same permission was given to Tommy, under certain conditions.

Of course, there were plenty of croakers who prophesied a great increase in the number of desertions in consequence. As a matter of fact, however, this gravest of all offences against military discipline is far rarer to-day than it has ever been.



How the Army is Being Revolutionised for the Private Soldier.

Trusting
Tommy
Atkins

If you want us to continue "The Priest," we'll do so. If otherwise, we shall still carry out your wishes. Let us know on a postcard.

“Q”
1st
2nd

CLELAND

3rd

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RICHARD

Aggleton, La.
Ales, Richa
Betty, Roma
Berry, Raym
Bardman, C
Bosham, Vic
Brooke, Ken
Cant, Lillian
Carter, Phyll
Christie, Reg

Annelle Ruth
Bartow, Flo
Baskett, Her
Bennett, Nat
Bova, Hilda
Bok, Dorot
Broad, Dorie
Broadley, M
Cawood, Will
Chambers, M
Chappell, Al
Chow, Isabel
Clark, Marjor
Clutten, Mar
Conlon, Ethel
Cota, Marion
Cousins, Ch
Coutman, Etl
Craven, Reg
Cuttler, Henr

Abbott, Man
Adams, Phyl
Adey, Mildr
Albapp, Enl
Andrews, Ed
Andrews, V
Aanning, Ed
Armstrong, J
Ayling, Lilla
Bacon, Emel
Bart, Willie
Bart, George
Bosma, May
Bottin, Ed
Bradley, Ma
Bramble, Be
Brewster, Jo
Brosby, Min
Brooke, Ell
Brooks, Perc
Brown, Moll
Burtidge, Ph
Cafyn, Vera
Cathie, Harv
Chaffenger, J
Chambers, J
Christie, En
Clark, Cyril
Clark, Flor
Coball, Veron
Coffin, Dov
Columba, A
Cornell, El
Coutman, Ka
Coutie, Ann
Coutie, Doro
Cragham, M
Crouch, Choc
Crouch, Ed
Davies, Jack

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Addison, R
Adrian, E
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Barrow, Ne
Baylis, Eth
Beadman, J
Bell, Frank
Berkman, M
Bell, Irene
Bentley, El
Bentley, Ed
Bethel, Ver
Bickford, M
Bird, Grace
Bird, Bery
Bolingbroke
Bottomley
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Bower, K
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Brawley, B
Bryce, W
Bryce, Lill
Burd, Ch
Burren, Dov
Burren, Fran
Burren, Jan
Burren, Nell
Burren, Sam
Burland, J
Burland, M
Burland, H
Burland, H
Burland, Dav
Burland, Lill
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